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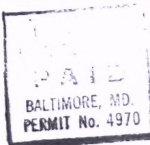
SGT. FRANK MAZONE
1934-1970

Vol. 1, No. 24

October 16, 1970

harry

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I think I could turn, and live with animals, they are so placid and self-contained.

I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition.

They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their sins.

They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God.

Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania of owning things.

Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived thousands of

years ago.

Not one respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

—Walt Whitman

I Remember...

ROCK & ROLL AT THE CIVIC CENTER



Right: The Civic Center as it appeared in 1969, Mr. O'Rourke and Mr. D'Antoni in the foreground.

Above: Mr. O'Rourke and Mr. D'Antoni today.



by P.J. O'Rourke and

Thomas V. D'Antoni

The gay brass roach holders and day-glow peace symbols have gone the way of the ninety dollar kilo but many Baltimoreans still treasure happy memories of the old Civic Center concerts. "Those were the days," recalls Richard Wanzer, now a Calvert Street businessman, "everybody had hair down to their ass and crabs."

All the big bands played there: Ballin' Jack, Lighthouse, The Five Stairsteps, Freddy and the Dreamers. ...Every Saturday night "Hippies," as the with-it kids of the day styled themselves, gathered and a warm friendly smell of hashish and patchouly oil would waft up from the eight dollar seats. Who could forget the time a rent-a-cop had a dafoil stuffed up his ass by a militant Digger from Glen Burnie? Or the time that Up Against the Wall Motherfuckers rushed the door on

the wrong night, finding themselves inside the International Harvester Tractor and Farm Equipment Show?

But the Civic Center was originally built, not only for the concerts, but for all events that drew large crowds. (Public association of more than three persons was legal then.) Many attractions were "team sports," events which resembled the now popular riot. In fact, the first Civic Center spectacle was a game of "Hockey" (fought on ice by two teams of men with sticks) between Baltimore and the Rhode Island Reds. These games were sometimes televised. This was when you watched TV and it didn't watch back. Other important occasions at the Civic Center every year were the Miss WORLD-USA Contest - a kind of livestock show MC'd by Bob Hope before he became President-and the Kustom Kar Kontest/Twisterrama.

But, always, the most important

thing was the concerts. Young people came from miles around. Traditions abounded: boys hawked strichnine spike roach-killer in the aisles; hoards of screaming fourteen-year-old girls with clap argued the penis length of the various stars; and the police gleefully shot gate crashers. Peace and love were the words of the day. People shook hands instead of frisking each other. The music was so much different then-tuneful and easy to hum like "Revolution No. 9." The pace of life was slower. People used to live to thirty, even thirty-five.

Iron Butterfly played every month. I'll never forget the night Eric Hallengren fainted from excitement, during the three hour and fifteen minute drum solo in their six hour version of "Inna-Gadda-Da-Vida." When Johnny Winter played, Ben Roth, the old Assistant Director of the Civic Center, became so over-powered with

perverse sexual desires that he was forced to cut off the electricity. Once, George Wallace made a surprise appearance as the unknown bass player in Blind Faith. Perhaps the most famous performance was the tragic night the Rolling Stones played. Mick Jagger and two amplifiers were eaten by the audience. After that, a moat with real alligators had to be constructed in front of the stage.

The edifice still stands, though the neighborhood has changed a lot. The Civic Center building now serves as HQ 43 Sector R Detention and Interrogation Center for the Central Maryland Pacification Program. Commandant George P. Mahoney said that as Marylandization progresses, he hopes to see the structure razed to make way for a "comfortable Non-Caucasian Peoples Relocation Camp." When it goes, a little piece of all of us will go with it.

BLACK COMMUNITY LEADERS KIDNAPPED

by Severne MacShaine

Baltimore officials borrowed a tactic from the Canadian French separatists this week, as they kidnapped nearly two dozen leaders of the black community and held them for a half million dollars ransom.

The prisoners held at the Baltimore City Penitentiary on October 12th planned a starvation strike as an act of resistance to the savage and oppressive treatment of 68 of the brothers who are marked for special doses of penitentiary brutality and against all the inhuman acts committed upon Black men. What began as a peaceful protest in support of the brothers around the jail in two days became one of the worst cases of pig rip-offism in this city.

The hunger strike at the penitentiary started because of an incident that happened down at Jessups Detention Center. A brother was ill and taken to the jail hospital which has no full time doctor only a doctor who is in about 3½ hours a day. A rumor spread throughout the jail that the brother had received no medical attention which was not true. The Institution punished 8 prisoners for starting & continuing such a rumor which caused 400 prisoners to refuse to work. 68 of the 400 were then

transferred to the Baltimore City Penitentiary in the Southwest wing. This punishment is the reason why the prisoners at the penitentiary went on strike.

The following is an account of the events by an eyewitness:

The initial demonstration outside the jail was scheduled for the 12th from 2-5 P.M. At the time the demonstrators were restricted to a one block radius away from the jail. The Panthers sang chants and soon the surrounding community joined in the singing. One police officer, called by the demonstrators, Capt. PIG, shouted, "You ought to be kicked up your ass." After

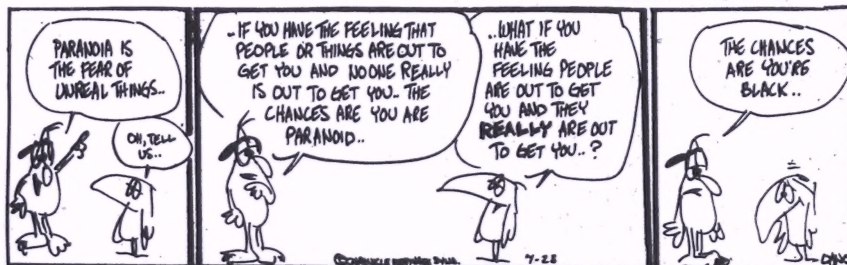
about 2 hours the demonstrators went up to Johnson Square where we held a short meeting and decided to return the next day.

Tuesday the pigs had seemingly not been expecting us. We gathered near Greenmount around 4:00 where they (the penitentiary) are constructing a new building. We then decided to go down front where the prisoners were caged so that they could see us. When the prisoners saw us and heard our chanting they responded beautifully, arms stretched forth in the clenched fist. We then marched up Greenmount to Chase and then back to the prison again. We went through the projects and

the community began to join in our protest.

At the time when we arrived back at the prison, we found that the police had amassed a force in the hundreds, 200-400 pigs. They then attacked using the marine close off tactic of moving in from behind while having a vanguard ready to strike from the front. One brother was trying to keep the crowd cool when a pig grabbed him. The brother resisted and the pig like all good pigs do, started beating him. When one of the sisters lost control of her emotions and tried to stop the pig, she too, was beaten. The brother who had

Continued on Page Eleven



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HARRY PEOPLE

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Don Pomerleau sure has
gotten cuter since he
started selling HARRY
on the street!



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LETTERS

Dear HARRY

What was all that fucking shit by P.J. O'Rourke in writing, "I Don't Live Today." (Oct. 3, 1970)? If one is about to write a column on one of the most brilliant geniuses of contemporary music and temperament that ever lived have the decency to put it in its proper perspective—excluding all the bullshit on the local scene.

To expect to read an article on any aspect of Jimi Hendrix, only to find the author exploiting his role by taking his own ego trip in his column is disgusting. The garbage dealing with the authors involvements with drugs and women and the latest bulletin on Kadi Kiss is unnecessary to say the least.

Also, it is revolting to see Hendrix's music solely judged in light of the author's emotional and drug experiences. I have experienced Hendrix's quality: his power, his softness, his electricity both are phenomenal experiences. If "All Along the Watchtower," can cause you to experience ecstasy while straight that is an accomplishment. Sure, his touch is unbelievable while being high, but, shit, you could even smile listening to Pat Boone if you were high enough to begin with.

If a column is written for the purpose of letting the readers know how supercool our author is, then don't lead us on to believe that we are about to read something worthwhile regarding someone who was and continues to be significant and valuable.

Celia Farkas

Far out. —P.J.

Dear HARRY

In an age when you can get a hit record by Agnew by contributing to the Republican G.O.P. fund, and Nixon is making like Ed Sullivan in Ireland, it's nice to know you can still truck on down to your favorite newstand, read the latest death toll in Vietnam, and be secure in the knowledge that they still have time to fuck the country. Don't look now, Dicky, but Riki-tiki-tavi's breathing down your neck right now...

M.B.

Dear HARRY,

I sit here writing nonsense instead of doing my all-important homework. Soon I'll have to stop and do it anyway. College, college, college, go, go, go. I hear it from everywhere. Except from my friends. They know better. Who needs it?

School is boring on Sunday nights. Monday morning I'll be able to sleep without thinking about what I'm not doing. The radio is on. Amidst endless Bobby Sherman's, one or two good songs come on. A rare event, I'm sick! It's easier to ignore the radio than get up and shut it off. Last night I went downtown to see a girl. I had to take a cab home about 2:30AM for \$3.00. Before I got a job this summer, that would have been impossible to do more than once. Money liberates.

My sister walks in, jokingly says "perfect every time" and strokes her hair which she just washed and hangs to her waist. She gets the cat. A half-decent song comes on the radio.

I have to write up 2 chemistry labs and fake another. Last year in physics the only labs I got A's on were the ones I faked completely. I think the teacher

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knew it. Chemistry's a little better. It's the advanced course, and the teacher even occasionally follows your suggestions.

One reason I'm sick is that a commercial for some teeny-bopper headshop comes on, playing Jimi Hendrix in the background.

You can be prosecuted for selling HARRY in the school, the vice-principal told me. A year ago I would have called up the A.C.L.U., now it's just too much of a pain. I got attacked by some kid on the football team or slandered by the gym teacher, nothing happens. For selling a newspaper though, I can get prosecuted. But they won't do it. It's too much of a pain for them too.

No more space, no plot, no sense, no shit. Help me, a rhetorical question.

Larry Wasserman

WE NEED PEOPLE TO WRITE, DRAW, LAY OUT, REVIEW, LAUGH, SELL ADS, HELP ORGANIZE COMMUNITY AND CULTURAL THINGS, ETC. WE CAN'T PAY ANYTHING (EXCEPT TO PEOPLE THAT SELL PAPERS OR ADS) BUT IF YOU'RE BEYOND THAT, CALL 243-2150 AND ASK FOR MIKE, OR STOP DOWN TO 233 E. 25TH STREET.

FELLOWSHIP OF LIGHTS TURNS OFF

by Severne MacShaine

The Fellowship of Lights along with the Switchboard service have currently shut down operations at their headquarters on Cathedral Street for the month of October. During this time the Fellowship is going through a period of reorganization and evaluation which will coincide with a move to a new location at 222 W. Monument Street on or about November 1, 1970. Lou Foxwell, Executive Director of the Fellowship of Lights, notes that the shutdown of the Fellowship for a month brings to a close the initial phase of its operation. The Fellowship is still handling some cases of getting housing for people and legal aid. However, to make such a move and change in structure as they plan, Fellowship would like to cut all services for a short period. According to Lou, when the Fellowship does reopen it will not be able to house runaways immediately since extensive repairs are needed in the new building to bring it up to housing code standards. However, those people seeking a place to stay will be directed to some other suitable place until the Fellowship opens its living quarters.

Through working closely with city agencies, "The Fellowship," Lou says, "now has the resources to make more professional help available in terms of lawyers, social workers, psychiatrists and ministers." Similar to the system employed by the Free Clinic, the Fellowship will follow through on cases with the help of advocates who will volunteer their time. This advocate system will allow the person seeking help to be kept informed of what steps are being taken to help him and in legal situations, what problems he may run into that can be foreseen by an advocate.

Lou Foxwell now sees the goal of the Fellowship as a "metropolitan service center helping local groups set up community switchboards. These community switchboards can then feed

into us whatever they can't handle." He would like to see the Fellowship extend its services outside the center city area in terms of such places as Towson, Parkville, Glen Burnie, etc. "This," he feels, "is dependent upon the desire and

attempt to introduce the idea of group discussions in the form of evening drop-in centers in a lounge setting. Foxwell hopes to develop a more meaningful dialogue with the community that the Fellowship seeks



willingness of the people in that community to set up such a program." At the present time, there are plans for a switchboard to work out of the Patterson Park area of Baltimore.

Foxwell also states that, "Switchboard gave us a scope of the problems young people have along with the total and complete lack of resources available to them." Although the Switchboard will still operate much in the same way that it did before the move to Monument Street, some changes will evolve in the way that calls are handled. This is primarily where the advocate system will come in. Switchboard will make a more determined effort towards reconciling people instead of increasing the polarization among those of the alternate culture and the "establishment." The Fellowship will

to serve. Following up on this concept, there are plans for both an investigative unit and a public education unit. The investigative unit would be concerned with finding out just where things are with rock concerts, park rules, etc., and attempting to work with officials to cope with the problems involved. This group of people would also be a resource bank for the services that the city and community can offer each other. Along the line of a public relations service, the public education unit will meet with church and civic groups (PTA, clubs) in an effort to discuss drugs, sex, and the new or Aquarian Age.

Much of the reorganization that is occurring within the Fellowship is an internal sort of defining of the goals and suitable roles that they feel they can

pursue in achieving community unity. Coinciding with the new changes, the Fellowship has proposed an even newer questionable budget. Although the Fellowship is supposed to be set up as a community venture, it is run, more or less, by and within the straight community. The Board of Directors of the Fellowship was originally conceived to bring together 10 to 12 members of both the hip community and the straight world; at least five or six of the members were to be long-hairs. Art Peyton now occupies the position of being the lone long-hair among a group of ministers and social workers, a not very enviable position. *****He was not even invited to the last Board meeting***** Art, at past Board meetings, has raised questions about the need for a budget in which over 50% goes toward the salaries of 6 people. The combined total of \$31,200 would be paid to individuals who, for the most part, receive their room and board from the Fellowship. Curiously enough, the runaway program is allotted \$1,290, just a little over 3% of the entire budget. Somewhere I got the idea that helping runaways was a very primary focus of the Fellowship of Lights. I must be wrong.

The Fellowship is closely involved with city agencies and officials. In doing so they have, in some ways, divorced themselves from the community. Foxwell says that since the Fellowship works within the hip community and the straight society, they hold a very awkward yet powerful position. Runaways have occasionally been ripped off while staying at the Fellowship by county and city authorities whom the Fellowship have had contact with. Although they say that they are working on this problem, it still exists.

Until the Fellowship really gets itself together and gets it on with the community, there will be many awkward stages wherein the Fellowship and the people will seem estranged from each other.

DOES A RUNNING DOG HAVE A BUDDHA NATURE

(First in a series of articles on collectivism, the second of which appeared two issues ago.)

by P.J. O'Rourke

Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!
Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!
Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy! Holy!

—Allen Ginsberg

I've written about collectivism before, in the context of the American radical left. That was one of several, perhaps overstated, *Animal Farm*ish observations to the effect that certain aspects of our "revolution" look pretty showpomp—not to mention stupid, grim and repressively purposeful. There is always the danger of producing a revolution in the ordinary sense: flip-flop. You turn a piece of shit upside down and it's still the same piece of shit. Someone's going to say, "How can you say that, seeing all the suffering and poverty (that we're going to fix)?" Well, in this country at least, the best way to fix suffering and poverty might very well be through regular channels. How about that? Not that I'd advocate it for a minute. But Walter Reuther probably did more for suffering and poverty than Jerry Rubin has ever even thought about. Perhaps, here too, a considerable political overturning is needed to cure these problems. Even so, war (including and especially revolutionary war) has never produced anything immediately but suffering and poverty. That may well be the way it has to be, but let's drop any pretense of only wanting to treat the symptoms (i.e., suffering and poverty). We don't want a tune-up. We

want to junk the whole car. What I mean is, if we got to revolution—and we do got to revolution—I want a revolution that makes Mao look like Fay Wray.

Since, even in China, it's Western man that's misbehaving, the first step in a true revolution would be to seriously examine the philosophical assumptions that induce Western man to act the way he does.

She could steal

But she could not rob.

—The Beatles

By collectivist I mean people acting in concert, unified by some common philosophical, political, moral, religious, or sexual ideology. And by communal I mean people living together, connected by some physical, philosophical, political, moral, or religious sharing. By way of further elucidation, here is a handy portable etymology, clean and easy to use, ideal for home, school, or office:

COMMUNE, from Medieval Latin *communio*, "community" from the latin *communis*, "public, common." The basic Indo-European root is *mei*, "to change, go, move," with derivations referring to exchange of goods and services.

COLLECTIVE (collect), from the Latin *colligere*, past participle of *collectus*, "to gather together." The basic Indo-European root is *leg* "to collect," with derivatives meaning "to speak."

FASCISM, from the Italian *fascismo*; from *fascio*, "bundle, group, assemblage;" from the Latin *fascis*, "bundle, crowd of people." The Indo-European root is *bhasko*, "band (strap, etc.), bundle."

Think for yourself.

Form follows function.

—Frank Lloyd Wright



Any organization is to some extent collectivist. But the difference between collective and communal is that the former is a transitive concept and the latter is intransitive. Collectivization is something that is done (to something or somebody and, hence, by something or somebody). A commune is, rather, a description of a state of affairs—something which happens. No one rains the rain; rain just rains. I admit that I'm making up this distinction. But the definitions that I'm creating describe an existent difference of opinion in the "alternate culture." They describe two radically different concepts of "Woodstock Nation." And they represent an internal contradiction which we have ignored. There are two areas of difference between a collectivist attitude and a communal attitude. The first is structure. Collectivism is a matter of organization. The old tawdry Western concept of imposing order on chaos... Marxist dialectic, struggle, political consciousness, the construction of a semi-human class of enemies (pigs), the general imposition of a rectilinear net of theory over the profound wiggles of the universe. Progress! The worst thing about organizing people is that in order to organize them properly you have to organize them to do something. (This is the second area of difference—purpose.) As far as I'm concerned there is nothing in existence which implies anything like what we conceive of as "purpose." There's nothing to do. The universe is (absurdly, if you're an existentialist; beautifully, if you're a mystic; and in a purposeful manner incomprehensible to man, if you're

Continued on Page Four

by Thomas D'Antoni

Baltimore's Favorite Freak Show, otherwise known as the City Council Karmic Follies, has begun again, and is providing us with some of the best theatre around. The guy who writes the script for the session can best be described as a fascist Bertold Brecht.

As you may remember from past City Council articles, HARRY has suggested assassination of the Council members and blowing up the City Hall. This session should prove interesting since your HARRY reporter is not going to go to the meetings straight anymore.

Well this is going to be a short roundup of the first three meetings of the year. Nothing very heavy has happened yet but there are a couple of things:

In order to combat spray painting of political slogans on buildings, bridges and such, Ordinance 1458 was introduced. "To prohibit sale of paint in pressurized cans to minors under 18 years of age."

All this came about in the summer, when radical slogans began appearing all over the city buildings and bridges. Although the lettering is poor and the slogans unimaginative (they range from FREE THE PANTHERS to FREE THE BALTIMORE PANTHERS to FREE JOHN CLARK), they're better than NO PARKING signs (although they accomplish about as much politically as NO PARKING signs.) Was that hard to follow? Well, read around the parentheses.

Katie Duffy was in the spotlight. She made her first public statement on the floor of the Council. She displayed her firm grasp of the duties and power of the city council, when, in remarking on the election irregularities, she turned to

CITY KOUNCIL KUTUPS

her Council colleagues and said, "Well, you're all lawyers, what can we do about things like this? What can we do as a City Council?" I'll tell you what you can do.

Upon discussing Ordinance 1237 which provides that "certain circulars, pamphlets or other written materials distributed by picketeers, shall contain the name and address of Printer and other ones responsible for such distribution, and that any person engaged in picketing shall state his name and address when requested by a law officer. Councilman Gallagher cited the Eleventh Amendment in the Bill of Rights, when he said, "You and I and everybody in the city of Baltimore and across the country, have the right to the protection of our own good names. I certainly think that that right is equal to, if not paramount to someone's right of freedom of the speech or freedom of the press." Frank was obviously referring to the Amendment which states: "Congress shall make no law which shall abridge the protection of our good names." You remember that one. It's the one just before "Congress shall make no law which shall abridge the three car garage."

Gallagher, as you may remember, was the one who wrote a letter to Cardinal Sheehan after the HARRY benefit last winter telling the Cardinal, who was in Corpus Christi, not to let an obscene newspaper use his hall. Frank, as you may also remember, is a former member of the Irish Auxiliary of the SS.

WOLF BROS.



RUM SOAKED

CROOKS

DIPPED IN WINE

Mimi DiPietro got into a fight with Council President Schaefer. There was a discussion as to whether to change the date of a hearing, since it conflicted with Yom Kippur. Then Mimi spoke up:

"I for one, anam a councilman who always goes to world series games. And I'll be out of town on the ninth. I won't be able to come home from squirrel shooting. I'll be out of town. And I don't want people from the First District accusing me when I'm not here. So if you can make exceptions for some other groups in here, you're gonna start making exceptions for me."

SCHAEFER: We have spent eight years on this bill, and unless the Chairman of the Zoning Committee desires to change the date, as far as I'm concerned the date that he has announced will be the date we'll have the hearing. If the chairman of the committee prevails upon the chair to change it, I will change it. But you can't satisfy everyone on hearing dates. We're going to spend the entire day on this Ordinance.

MIMI: Then I'm not voting for it. I'm not voting for it.

SCHAEFER: Now just a minute. I don't want to be threatened that you're going to vote against it if I don't change the date.

MIMI: I'm telling you I won't vote for it.

SCHAEFER: Well, I'm telling you I'll overlook that remark that you're going to vote against it to change a hearing date. I don't know how any responsible councilman can make such a remark.

MIMI: I'm not votin' for it!

During the debate, Councilman Gallagher referred to the World Series as the World Serious. He really did.

They're all crazy. Stone crazy! Fucking A crazy! Stay tuned.

Continued from Page Three

Christian) purposeless! The minute a purpose is imposed, even modestly vague sort of purposes like "good government" or "finding yourself," on a group of people, some degree of repression is implied. By repression I mean, not restraint, but some mold to fit outside the necessary amenities of survival among men.

What is the question?

—last words of Gertrude Stein

"A commune is not an organization in the formal sense though it may be organized. There is, ideally, no imposed or plastic unifying factor that all would agree upon or even that anyone would talk about. Instead of the structure being implied by the goals (the collective philosophy, politics, morality, religion, or sexual relationships); whatever goals arise will arise from the structure. As Mao says, "Where do correct ideas come from?... from social practice and from it alone." (The devil quotes scriptures.) The ordinary Western process of selecting a goal and then setting out to obtain it is like thinking up an answer and going to look for the question.

"That is all well said," replied Candide, "but we must cultivate our garden."

—Voltaire

The importance of any collective/communal controversy is in the future direction of changes coming in our society. We have, now, an excellent opportunity to remain comfortably within the Western structural, perceptual, and intellectual framework while purporting to shake the foundation of the established order. We can do this by grasping at the easy, traditional leftist answers to the problems which confront us—the existent ideologies and linear elaborations on those themes. Kim Il Sung and Castro are not enlightened men. They fit very well into the Hegelian, binomial, linear mold of our

parents, and are subject to the same philosophical directions—"The Game of Black and White" and its natural implication, "White Must Win." These men, Marcuse, Huey Newton, and Angela Davis too, and Mark Rudd and Bernardine Dohrn are most usual people and, though very courageous, are more like Mom, Dad, and TV than one would imagine. None of them would or will understand Watts, Ginsberg, Suzuki, Gary Snyder, Paul Reps or even The Beatles. There are many levels—a high-rise apartment house. The sixth floor, let us say, is the political level. These people are standing on the balcony, shouting "Hurray for the sixth floor! The sixth floor is the best floor!"

There are no floors without the sixth floor! They are sixth floor chauvinists.

And now what shall become of us without any barbarians?

Those people were a kind of solution.

—Cavafy

WHO KILLED ROSE WRIGHT

by Phillip Bass

Mrs. Rose Wright, mother of Pamala Wright, a member of the Student Coalition Information Center, died of a heart attack, Thursday, October 1, 1970. Mrs. Wright came to a S.C.I.C. meeting at St. Ann's Church as an interested parent and while speaking had a heart attack. The people attending the meeting attempted to call an ambulance. The ambulance was summoned five times. It took 1 hour and twenty minutes to arrive at the church. It should have taken only about five minutes to arrive on the scene. Due to the delay of the ambulance, some of the brothers went into the street to get a cab. When stopping a cab, the driver

told them that, "I don't want to get involved." They also tried to stop a police car but in attempting to do so, the police car made a U-turn, and called other police cars and told them there was a riot in the area. Police cars and paddywagons proceeded to the area. Nothing was done until the brothers and sisters started getting uptight. Then the ambulance came. When Mrs. Wright arrived at the hospital she was dead.

This is a common place thing in the black community and as long as the pig establishment is there it will remain this way.

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THE MARYLAND TRAINING SCHOOL FOR BOYS

by Severne MacShaine

The Maryland Training School for Boys is just outside the city but there's plenty of countryside, clean fresh air, and most of all, good rehabilitation programs for you decadent members of society. You'll learn to be useful at a trade and the days you spend here will be perhaps the most important ones in your life in starting you on the way to a responsible adult life.

That ain't the way the school is, ever has been, or, from the looks of things, is ever likely to be. The Maryland Training School for Boys began back in 1831 as the House of Refuge in Baltimore City (co-educational). Through the years it progressed to its present site just off Joppa Road near Parkville. The Training School has existed on the precept that "It's just like a sausage mill, you put them in, then you grind them out," quote Elbert Fletcher, now retired, long time superintendent of the school.

In the process of putting them in and grinding them out, cases of mistreatment or a total lack of treatment come to light. The Training School is not without a history of alleged cases of teachers and officials striking students; however, usually these incidents are not brought forward in terms of any attempt being made to press charges against any specific individual.

Now a parent who has a son at the Training School is seeking to have charges brought against an official at the school on the basis that he allegedly threw her son into a door causing him to be taken to the hospital for a possible fractured skull. Five months ago, Mrs. Margaret Locklear had her son placed in the Training School because she could no longer handle him and get him to listen to her. On September 18th, 11 year old Robert Dean Locklear was allegedly thrown against a door by Linburg Parker, Vice-Principal of the Lower School. Robert Locklear's mother says her son told her, "Mr. Parker picked me up by the throat and was choking me. When I yelled for him to put me down, he threw me against a door." This incident is said to have happened on the morning of the 18th, but Mrs. Locklear did not find out that her son had been hurt until Saturday night (the 19th) when she received an anonymous phone call in which she was told, "Your son has been hurt and the school will tell you that he fell into a door but don't go for that." Mrs. Locklear states that this was the only notification that she received about her son until she initiated some communication with the school concerning her son's condition. Mrs. Locklear says she called the school and was told that, "Robert had only a bump on his head where he had fallen at school."



When Robert was hurt he was taken to University Hospital in Baltimore, a distance which hasn't yet been explained since Greater Baltimore Medical Center is obviously much closer, and then taken back to the school. Around 7:30 that Friday evening, he was found unconscious on the bathroom floor. He was then again rushed back to University Hospital where he subsequently had to undergo 7 days of treatment, each time going back and forth between the hospital and the Training School.

Monday following the incident, Mrs. Locklear spoke with Mr. Harrington, superintendent of the school, in an attempt at getting the names of the doctors that her son was being treated by. Of this she says, "I received no cooperation, whatsoever, from the school. Mr. Harrington knew vaguely that some boy had been hurt, but he did not know which one or anything about what had happened." Robert Hilson, head of the Department of Juvenile Services, states that the school "was remiss in not notifying Mrs. Locklear." This lack of communication between the school and parents is typical according to Mrs. Locklear, "They don't call me and tell me anything. I must always get in touch with them." She feels that, "The school's alright, but they just don't have people standing up to their jobs."

The reason why Parker is alleged to have thrown Robert Dean into a door is not totally clear but it is believed by Mrs. Locklear to have something to do with Robert being told to go to a

certain room. When he failed to do this quickly enough, Parker is believed to have grabbed him and started choking him.

No police report of the incident was ever filed and it appears that the school would have liked to let this situation go by with no investigation and **NO QUESTIONS ASKED!**

On Tuesday, the 22nd, Mrs. Locklear started what had to be her own investigation by asking the police to look into the matter. Since that time

the case has reached the stage of being presented to the Grand Jury of Baltimore County, originally on October 5th, but now re-scheduled for October 19th. At that time the Grand Jury will determine if there is sufficient evidence to justify a warrant being issued against Linburg Parker.

Parker is still at the Training School but according to Hilson will be temporarily removed pending the outcome of charges if the Grand Jury seeks to have a warrant issued. On visiting the school, Parker refused to make any statement concerning what did happen with Robert Locklear and finally told me to get out of there as he quickly fled down the hall.

Like many state funded and operated correctional institutions, the Maryland Training School is ill-equipped to handle the overflow of boys that they have. The history of the school is dotted with investigations concerning conditions there every 6 or 7 years, each promising to rectify the situation but the overall effective change has been far below that needed to adequately cope with the number of boys there. At the present time there is a 15% to 18.9% overcrowding of the school, a sizable figure (approx. 58 boys) in terms of the additional facilities and teaching staff needed. Such problems as discipline among juveniles by school officials always arouse speculation in the public as to the need and severity of it. Now that attention has been drawn to the school because of what happened to Robert Locklear, there will likely be the typical investigation that, in the past, inevitably, has had little long-range effect on the total school atmosphere.

PIPES

BELLS



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103E JOPPA IN THE PEDDLER'S VILLAGE • 828-5866

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn [CPS] Almost 150 members of gay liberation groups from around the country met here last weekend despite action by the University of Minnesota administration which prevented the convention from being held on campus.

A campus homophile group called FREE—Fight Repression of Erotic Expression—asked four months ago to use university facilities for the meeting, but were told only a few days before it began that the request had been "neither approved or disapproved," according to Jim Cheesebrough, a leader of the group.

It was learned that the university examined FREE's constitution as a student organization, but could find nothing out of order.

FREE tried to obtain legal help in bringing an injunction to force the university to allow the meeting, but could not find legal help. The Minnesota Civil Liberties Union which has assisted in McConnell's own suit, declined to take FREE's case. The convention was held anyway, in a run-down auditorium on the "left bank" of Minneapolis—a low-rent district with many students and street

GAY CAUCUS IN MINNEAPOLIS

people. The delegates, many of whom expressed radical political view, promptly tossed out the prepared schedule, which included such "straight" (non-homosexual) speakers as Minnesota's commissioner of human relations, who was to speak about religion and the homosexual. It was decided that the convention would be "for gay people and by gay people."

Discussion centered on the experiences and problems of gay organizations around the country and on planning for the Revolutionary Peoples Constitutional Convention, sponsored by the Black Panther Party, to be held starting Nov. 4 in Washington, D.C.

An important topic was how members of the gay liberation movement could relate to other oppressed people, primarily women and Third World people. In that context, the subjects of racism, sexism, and male chauvinism were discussed, as well as the polarization between moderate and radical gay people, and communications problems within the gay community.

Another concern of the group was the difference between the problems of gay people living in large and small cities. Representatives of the Lawrence (Kan.) Gay Liberation Front said, "The problem of educating the community (a small town) are vast beyond belief."

Gay women presented two demands to the men concerning the Revolutionary Convention in Washington. They asked that in planning sessions for the Convention there by two gay women, and two Third World gay people for each gay white male. They also demanded that the gay delegations' first priorities be the rights of women, lesbians, and Third World people. Both proposals were accepted.

In reviewing the proposals made the male homosexual caucus at the "plenary session" of the constitutional convention last month in Philadelphia, the Minneapolis delegates affirmed the resolution that the Black Panther Party is at present the vanguard of the revolutionary movement in America.

Jefferson Joins Lenin

by Ross Wheby

Do you ever notice at those government supported demonstrations they never quote Thomas Jefferson or other founding fathers of America? Any one attempting to read the Declaration of Independence, at one of these "support Amerika" rallies is liable to be arrested or stoned by the others present.

If you find this hard to believe then listen what happened to Miami Herald reporter Colin Dangaard. Only one person out of 50 approached on local streets by him agreed to sign a typed copy of the Declaration of Independence (Dangaard did this on July 4th). Two called it "commie junk", one threatened to call the police and another red-neck warned: "Be careful who you show that kind of antigovernment stuff to, buddy."

Again on July 4th, a questionnaire was circulated among 300 young adults attending a right-wing Youth for Christ gathering which showed that 28 percent thought an excerpt from the Declaration was written by Lenin!! The right-wing youths were then asked to describe briefly what sort of person they thought would make such a statement. Among other things, the author of the Declaration of Independence was called:

"A communist person, someone against our country."

"A person who does not have any sense of responsibility."

"A hippie."

Next Dangaard typed up the Declaration in petition form and stood several hours on a sidewalk, in a conservative part of town, and asked middle-aged passersby to read and sign it. Only one man agreed—and he said it would cost the pollster a quarter for his signature!! Ninety (90%) percent of the people never got past the third paragraph without making such comments as:

"This is the work of a raver."

"Somebody ought to tell the F.B.I. about this sort of rubbish." (Some say the F.B.I. is seriously considering banning the Declaration as subversive material)

Other comments were: "meaningless" and "Sounds like something from the new Left to me." The most truthful comment was: "The boss'll have to read this before I can let you put it in the shop window. But politically I can tell you he don't lean that way. He's a Republican."

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THE ELECTRIC BANANA

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reprinted from
BERKELEY TRIBE

"Fritz" is a composite of enough big Bay Area dealers interviewed last week to give a general picture of the current psychedelic market situation. We print here our interview with him.

Tribe: For the past year of so I've become really worried about the amount of impurities in the chemicals people have been getting, especially "mescaline."

Fritz: Because of the structure of the market, the price was among dealers and mostly the fact that so many people are dealing primarily for a fast profit, real mescaline (organic or synthetic) and high quality (white crystal) LSD can't be sold. In nine cases out of ten what you buy as "mescaline" is PCP (an animal tranquilizer) and low quality acid. If I were to try and market good white crystal acid (can be any color after cutting and buffing) I couldn't do it because some rip off dealer would be selling brown crystal which is cheaper to make and contains impurities which are dangerous.

There's this constant demand for cheap (high profit) drugs but no real market for high quality expensive drugs. It's not worth anybody's while to make good LSD unless he's selling to the international or out of town people who want the real thing and are willing to pay for it. Good acid filters down locally from this kind of operation but competition around here kills that market for the community. As for mescaline, you can't expect to find any unless you're willing to pay.

Tribe: What about other chemicals?

Fritz: Mostly all of them are just alphabet games people play to sell their products. MDA, PMA, TMA and Psilocybin are almost always PCP and LSD. If someone's just in it for a buck

like too many people are they can get themselves 4 grams of brown (shit) or yellow (mediocre) crystal acid for around \$450 a gram and 4 oz of PCP for say \$500 per oz and make 30,000 hits of "mescaline," "psilocybin" or whatever's "in" with the students who are about 70-80% of the chemical market.

As for THC, it costs so much to make that the singles price would be about \$10 a hit. THC is just PCP and that worries me because nobody seems to know shit about what PCP does. When I was doing PCP I took an enormous dose, more than any of my people would take and just sort of turned to melted butter, but how it reacts in the long run nobody who deals

stuff is cut more depending on how many people it's gone through before you get it. Quality also varies when acid is cut with different stuff. Somebody may tell you he knows the chemist but usually he only knows the tabber or the buffer. "I know this outside chemist" is almost always just a sales pitch.

The trouble is a lot of people in the dope trade come together like capitalist pigs without mutual trust or respect for one another. If you buy from someone you don't know or don't trust because it looks like a real deal and figure you can make a little for yourself by selling to friends you deserve to be bum-tripped. If you buy some gimmick drug for its flashy name or groovy shape you're a sucker.

WHAT'S THE LATEST DOPE



it or buys it knows for sure. I know there's an element in the drug which can cause violent reactions in some people and that PCP can be made in a purified form but this costs more money to do, so nobody does it.

Another PCP trip is Angel Dust (PCP and parsley). Joe Cocker says to throw it in you face. Joe Cocker is just "too hip" for me man. I dig my eyes.

Tribe: Are there lots of different types of acid?

Fritz: Actually there's not that many different kinds around but the same

A while ago this cat had some shit acid he couldn't unload because of some really good stuff on the market, so he just put little peace symbols on the tabs, raised his price and made a huge profit. Then people had to tab their good acid that way cause all the buyers thought it was "just too much" to have peace symbol LSD but by the time the market was gone. The Bay Area has the best LSD in the world, ask any European. Mid Western or East Coast dealer in town. But this cradle of revolution also has the most cut-throat capitalistic market this side of the Mafia chemists on the East Coast.

Tribe: Is the Mafia doing much of a chemical trade here?

Fritz: I don't think so, there's just too many independents in operation. Of course some of our own people are organized as well if not better than the Mafia. The trouble is even a really tight family trying to supply a quality drug is gonna be put out of business by market pirates with cheap processes, salesmanship (pushing) and greed. The Mafia is ultimately behind the narcotics (Heroin, speed and coke) that are being dumped on the Ave. (and everybody knows where on the Ave. it's being dumped.) Right now the Berkeley pushers are not tight with the syndicate so we have a chance of stopping them, but it won't be easy. Some people will have to die.

The sickness of this country creates a need for the heroin escape in a person and society can't just say that need is an unreal or criminal one. It's obligated to supply that need. If it doesn't you get the even sicker smack culture we have now. Smack should be legal like in England with registered addicts but we have to deal with the situation as it is and that means giving the junkies something to fall back on and getting rid of the pushers.

Tribe: If the dealers co-operated instead of competed with one another wouldn't the quality of drugs improve?

Fritz: Yeah, minimum prices could be set to get rid of cheap shit but who's gonna take the responsibility to organize the top people? Anyway, most of the really righteous dealers are either out of the chemical trade because of all the shit or in jail. The hip-pigs have the "mescaline," MDA, THC, etc. market sewn up. The good stuff is shipped out of the area or limited to people with good connections. Pretty soon the hip pigs will get the Mid West and European market, and all our brothers and sisters will make the transitions we made on bad stuff. Shit.

MUSIC IS NEWS

A chronicle; a prediction; a reflection. A mirror to the world. Did the Egyptians sing "Up Against the Pyramid, Pharaoh"—? Music: of the people.

Take Me To The Mountains—Shiva's Headband: Charles Carper, in the *Daily Cougar*, wrote, "Shiva's music can't change nature, but they can naturally sing and take some of the sting out of living." An armadillo ecstasy.

If: Seven men making momentous music; finding new dimensions; making things happen. From England, with brass and beauty. "If is a must." (Chris Van Ness, L. A. Free Press)

Quatermass: A record to hold in your head. Hear from start to end; then share, joyously. Music from life, or from science fiction; or maybe they're the same.

Mongrel—Bob Seger: A total musical experience. You'll find that your favorite cut on the album keeps changing, the sign of timelessness and now.

Listening to Richard Brautigan: More than any other, Richard Brautigan is the poet for our lives. Here he shares some of his stories, and you're a part of his family.



on Capitol
and
Harvest



One of a series of drawings by John Van Hammersveld.



Does the Train to Freedom Stop at Algiers ?



ALGIERS [LNS] Sources in Algeria report that Tim Leary, who recently escaped from prison in San Luis Obispo, where he was serving the first of several ten-to-thirty-year sentences for possession of marijuana, has arrived in Algiers with his wife, Rosemary.

Leary escaped from the California Men's Colony in San Luis Obispo by climbing over a fence. He later changed clothes in a gas station men's room and disappeared. Weatherman claimed credit for aiding in his escape. Leary left behind a letter thanking Weatherman and urging young people to fight actively against U.S. imperialism.

The Learys appeared unexpectedly at the Black Panther Party Embassy in Algiers. Surprised Panthers let them in and, after brief consultations, arranged for the couple to be granted asylum in Algeria.

Algeria does not have diplomatic relations with the formal U.S. government. The Black Panther Embassy represents the revolutionary, anti-imperialist peoples of this country and handles all relations with the Algerian government.

The Black Panthers stressed that the Party had not known that Timothy was coming, and had not participated in his escape, but that they welcomed his presence in free territory.

"The Embassy is available to all oppressed people, to all victims of bureaucratic capitalist imperialism," they added.

STUDENTS EDUCATE STUDENTS

by Phillip Bass

The Student Coalition Information Center is an organization which deals with the problems of student repression. S.C.I.C. was founded about a month ago in the hope of educating the masses of students in the Baltimore area about their rights.

The organization is currently passing out information in different schools in the area.

"After the incident at Eastern High School, the students needed somewhere to meet and organize, and now that we are organized we hope to help them," noted Karen Wheatly, a member of the organization.

If possible the S.C.I.C. will attempt to open more centers. Right now, they are located, on 23rd Street and Greenmount Avenue.

"We would like anyone who is interested in students at all levels, because we are all students in life," commented Dippy, a member of the organization.

STRAWBERRY JAM FOREVER

NY Times

Two program directors from a pop radio station were fined 25 Pounds (\$60) each for tossing bags of strawberry jam into the headquarters of the British Broadcasting Corporation.

"You ought to know better than to behave like children," the magistrate told Barry Everitt, 22 years old, and Hugh Nolan, 26.

The two were reported to have told the police: "The B.B.C. jams us, so we jammed them."

Mr. Everitt and Mr. Nolan work for Radio Geronimo, a pop station with headquarters in London.



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This Week Is:

WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL IT DOPE?



I don't know man, but I dig it.



You're silly.



It makes you dopey, sleepy.



Because it's good. Anything good they just want to give it a bad name.



I have no idea.



Just not enough people that know anything about it.



You're a dope



To quote Spiro Agnew maybe you have to be a dope to take it but I don't know, I mean I suppose, it dopes your nerves.



They who?



Well because only people who are communists & radicals & perverts use it.



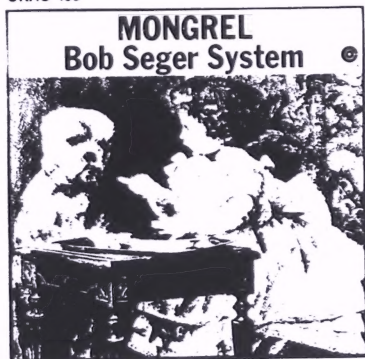
It was mistaken obviously, it was very mistaken. You see it's all a matter of consciousness, you know. It's one side and the other side. To the other side it's dope but to our side it's not.

MONGREL IS A BITCH!

MONGREL—THE BOB SEGER SYSTEM

Mongrel is Bob Seger's third album and it's a bitch!

SKAO-499



Heavy sounds like Evil Edna; Highway Child; Mongrel; Lucifer; Leanin' On My Dream; River Deep-Mountain High and lots more.

Come see if you can stand
the earthy beauty of the funky

MONGREL.



by Carroll Schroeder

Saul Alinsky is Alive & Well & Living in Govans

"Hi folks. Frank Gallagher here with a shaft job you can't afford to miss." Yes, that increasingly familiar booz which is once again speeding toward your neck belongs to 3rd district City Councilman Francis X. Gallagher. But Gallagher has outdone himself. For this time his conscious tactic of repression has crossed class lines and even knifed into middle America. Is this really surprising? In a society so taken with worship in the complex of power, where power always implies control over another, can't we expect organized machine power to subjugate even its loosely woven constituency? Especially when the smell of power is in the air?

Gallagher, as you may remember, was the one who wrote a letter to Cardinal Sheehan after the HARRY benefit last winter telling the Cardinal not to let an obscene newspaper use his full. Frank, as you may also remember, is a former member of the Irish Auxiliary of the SS.

Gallagher has introduced a bill before the City Council that would force any group using pamphlets, handbills, leaflets, cards, posters, or any written material to include in that material the names of all officers of the organization and the printer. This would insure responsibility and good taste in such activities we are told. This would more that opinions antipathetic with the pig machine would be crushed through economic political, or violent coercion we are not told. That Gallagher intends this sort of action is obvious if you examine recent developments in Northeast Baltimore.

In the spring of this year the Northeast Community Organization was created as 402 delegates from 158 community organizations approved a formal constitution. Its headquarters located at 4333 York Road, NCO works in the tradition of Saul Alinsky "to provide a unified structure through which the people can define and act upon their common problems." Realizing that people can't be effectively organized around broad amorphous causes, confronting them individually, and taking the action that the situation demands.

NECO may well awaken a new political consciousness among the relatively apolitical, conservative white and working class residents of Northeast Baltimore. By directing their attention to specific grievances in which the local people have demonstrated that with organization "power to the people" is more than just rhetoric. Recent victories by NECO include forcing landlords to make needed repairs, pressuring the City to have NECO area four completely exterminated of rats, and working with residents to get medical facilities in the area around

white home owner, channel only black buyers into all-white neighborhoods (block-busting). Black boys into the community and the paranoid fears of the whites are fired. The realtor again moves in, this time soliciting, staking for-sale signs, and creating visual panic as the signs appear en masse. Again he channels in only black buyers while showing his white clients homes in all white neighborhoods. So the realtor scores three times: first, he profits from selling the original house to the black buyer at prices higher than listed value; second, he profits from finding a new



Alameda and Fenwick Avenues where there had been no resident M.D. for over years.

It is this group that is fighting most feverishly against Gallagher. He is their councilman yet he is trying to screw his people. Why? In the past year NECO has managed to reign in the ruthless stampede of realtors that has been destroying their community. The realtors, playing on the fears of the

home of the frightened white family; and third, he creates a panic that will lead to more of the same. The realtors have played on man's basest emotions. They have exploited white racism while using blacks to increase their own racist profits. Pitting black against white they have used both for their own gain. The realtors in short, are pig's pigs and they call the shots for Frank Gallagher.

For Gallagher's machine support comes from such democratic sounding organizations as the Greater Govans Committee and the Community Congress of Govans. Both of these groups stink of fronts fabricated by realtors and businessmen which are passed off as "representative of the people." And these groups are being hurt by NECO.

But NECO is composed of people who, though corporately strong, are individually vulnerable. Gallagher knows that if he can isolate leaders, he can crack over them individually and threaten the whole fabric of the people-centered organizations. Realtors, creditors, and landlords can focus a lot of pressure on the deviant individual. So were the individual to criticize the pigs and still be forced to identify himself, he could easily be singled out for punishment. Similarly, the printer of such material could be economically coerced by other businessmen. Both the organization and its principle means of communication would thereby be smashed.

Obviously this danger is inherent not only to NECO, but to HARRY, whose printer must remain anonymous in order to survive, to any radical or revolutionary group, in fact, to anyone to whom a new order sounds remotely pleasant.

The time is not for self-righteous factionalization in the face of repression. Issue centered unity can be a strong ally. The NECO people have already been successful in upholding a mayoral veto. Seize the time. We must be prepared to attack on all fronts including the one at City Hall.

Gallagher's original bill 1237 died in the Council chamber, but with reworking and certain technicalities cleared, Gallagher plans to push more of the same. A new bill, free of D'Aleandro's veto and not yet declared unconstitutional by the City Solicitor is soon to be introduced and it too must be smashed. Support the NECO fight against a bill designed to cripple a kinetic people that was going down.

Up against the wall, Gallagher!

JOHN CLARK CONVICTED

by Severn MacShane

As would be expected, the prosecution of John Clark, Baltimore Defense Captain of the Black Panther Party, proceeded in a quick and orderly fashion once the case arrived in the politico-fascist self-styled court of American justice. John was found guilty of second degree burglary, stemming from an incident that happened in California over two years ago. Although John had gotten a stay of extradition from the California pigs, the super-pig bondsman Valdez kidnapped John and took him back to California where the pigs speedily put John in jail and have succeeded in taking away many of his rights. The legal bulldoz that is going on now has not succeeded in getting John out of jail and isn't likely to when he is sentenced on October 19th.

Word from the Southern California Chapter of the Black Panther Party indicates that John's trial was a complete charade where he was tried before a group of people who in no way resembled his peers: this group being composed of "all White middle class racists and two hoodlucking Blacks." It is evident that now that the pigs have gotten Clark back they shall, through every means available, legal and otherwise, try to keep John and all revolutionaries locked-up as long as possible.



NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

Continued from page nineteen

Friday, Oct. 30

MUSIC

"Matrix" Bluesette, 8 pm
"Blues Blues Band" Blues Back Alley, 2:5
on Call, more info.
Jaime Brockert at The Main Point

DRAMA

"Widow" Corner Theatre, 9 pm
"Paul" Lyric, 8:15 Call LE 9-3100 or MU 4-0072 for info.

Fantastics, Spoilspillers Theatre, 8:30 pm

FILMS

"Civilization: The Hero as Artist" (part 5) Ivan East Library, Whelan And, 8 pm

Saturday, Oct. 31

MUSIC

An Evening of Classical and Contemporary Solo Piano Music by Cole Wright Comm College of Balt. Theater, 8 pm

"Blackfoot Smoke" Bluesette 8 pm
"Matrix" Blues Back Alley 2:5 am (Sun Mon.)
Jaime Brockert, The Main Point

DRAMA

"Widow" Corner Theatre 9 pm
"Paul" Lyric

"Fantastics" Spoilspillers Theatre 8:30 pm

FILM

Vintage films in good condition. Laurel & Hardy, W. C. Fields and more. Cathedral Rm. Peabody Conservatory, 8:30 pm
"Civilization: The Hero as Artist" (part 5) main Point library, 2 pm

MUSIC

Read Street Fun Festival, 200 block of West Read St., music, food, shopping for benefit of Fellowship of Light, 11:6. Raindate Nov. 7

Sunday, Nov. 1

MUSIC

Chung Tso of Korea and Peabody Orch. for Peabody Conservatory, 8:30 pm
Jam session. All musicians invited
Bluesette 8 pm
Jaime Brockert at The Main Point

FILM

"The Vampire Bat" with Fay Wray, Corner Theater

Continuing

Photo Nov. 14
Photo exhibit, "Karen's Penny" by M. Richard Kunstel, Maryland Institute Photo Gallery, M. Roy Station

Photo Nov. 12
Exhibit of Drawing and Painting by Allyn Horn, Comm. College of Balt. Gallery

Photo Oct. 31
Fells Pt. Gallery photography, 811 S. Broadway, Wed-Fri 11-3, Sat. 12-4, Sun. 2-5

KIDNAPPED

Continued from Page One

been going around in a car with a loudspeaker, got out and immediately was jumped on by at least 50 pigs who beat him with their nightsticks and repeatedly threw him into the car. The people, at this time, decided the best course of action was to split. Community people stood by helplessly and looked horrified at the police brutality that was going down.

From this initial burst around 6:30 P.M. the pigs grabbed between 20 and 23 people among which were:

Walter Lively (former head of the Urban Coalition, and presently head of Liberation House Press)

Olugbala

Kenya Kenya

William Carter

James C. Owens (Morgan student community worker)

William Mack Jr.

Craig Wilson

Angela Hatten (Morgan student community worker)

David Lawrence (Black Panther)

Austin Sydney

William Jayner (Black Panther)

Larry Sorrell (Black Panther)

Eugene Johnson

Reginald Howard (Black Panther)

Mr. Mitawali (Photographer for UGAMAA, Black United Front Newspaper)

Rita Skates (Schoolteacher)

Ralph Garrison

George Vinson

Robert Jordan

Charges ranging from disobeying an officer to inciting to riot were placed against all these people, each with

\$25,000 bail. The pigs continued busting people well into the evening. Black Panther Headquarters tells that Larry Sorrell and William Jayner, both Panthers, were busted while going to get cigarettes around 11 P.M. that night. They were talking to some lumpy when a pig called William Jayner over to the car and asked, was he ready to go to jail. The pig then turned off his headlights. This must have been some sort of signal for several police cars and a paddywagon vamped on the brothers.

Black Panther Paul Coates went to the hearing on the 14th at 9:00 A.M. to see his brothers and sisters. While he was in court, a policeman called him outside the courtroom. Just after he stepped outside the door, pigs seemed to swoop down out of nowhere and arrested him on inciting to riot. The hearing was held up until 11:30 A.M. and finally postponed until 3:30 that afternoon. The general feeling was that the whole thing was a railroad job, placing the demonstrators under excessive and obviously vindictive amounts of bail. Eric Smothers and James Green were arrested when they went to the hearing as witnesses.

Many of the groups within the city, among them the Student Coalition Information Center, the Black Panther Party, and the Soul School feel that the pigs had a definite plan in ripping-off who they wanted. The black leaders of the community's their very point was to take the leaders out of the community.

The thing that remains all important is to try and get the people out of jail. However, raising the bail is an awesome problem since the total amounts to a half million dollars. The money will have to come from the people in the city. Along with this effort will be rallies held on college campuses. Candidate for Congress, Warren Mitchell plans on becoming involved in these rallies and getting the brothers and sisters released.

The lawyers for the group of people busted are Nelson R. Kandel and William Murphy, Jr. The next hearing is scheduled for Monday the 19th at 3:30 P.M. at Eastern District Pk. St. At this time a writ of habeas corpus will be heard before Judge Solomon Liss on the grounds of illegal arrest. There will also be a motion made to have the case transferred from Judge Henry Stichel

Oct. 30-Nov. 16
Student Show at Maryland Institute
Thru Nov. 4
Thru Oct. 23
Prints from Lucas Collection by John Spinks, Essex Community College

Thru Oct. 24
Contemporary Black Art, Benhaiker Gallery, Towson State College 9-4 pm

Oct. 25-Nov. 29
Balk by Miss Joan Gibbs on display at Northside, etc., Mon., Tues., Wed., Fri., 11-4 pm. Sat/Sun 11-3, Sun. Oct. 25-34 pm

Thru Nov. 29
Vincent van Gogh for the last time in America, Balt. Museum of Art, 5150 admt 25 for children

Oct. 27-Nov. 7
"The Last of the Red Hot Lovers" Morris Mechanic, Mon. Sat. 8:30 pm. Wed and Sat. 2 pm also

Thru Nov. 8
"Here Today" Garland Dancer Theatre, Tues. Thurs. 7 pm, Sat/Sun 8:30 pm

Thru Nov. 15
"A City of Players" Corner Stage, Tues-Sat. 8:30 pm, Sun. 2 pm. A. 7 pm. Wed. Oct. 28-29 pm



based upon the bail being outrageously high and the atmosphere such that witnesses would be arrested, which is not conducive to a fair trial.

Nelson Kandel states that the charge of inciting to riot is not really founded. The warden at the pen, Preston R. Figtherger, said that, "There had been some shouting out there in the west wing, so we closed it off." and "There were no serious incidents and by early evening the regular routine was restored."

Assistant State's Attorney Anton Keating is heading the evaluation for a bail recommendation at the bail hearing. Along with his recommendation there will be a recommendation from the pre-trial release program. Keating's evaluation is on the basis of past records and ability to pay specific amounts of bail.

Some of those arrested have indicated that they aren't too worried about getting out quickly. They see this as a chance to further organize and educate the people inside the jail. The pigs may find that they have used gasoline to try to smother a fire.

The inevitable effect of this obviously calculated bust of the community leaders has been a readdressing of programs and reevaluations of ways to go about keeping the community together. The Soul School and the Student Information Center are coordinating efforts to raise funds for bail and/or supplies to continue the work of Liberation Press.

It is emphasized that "we are trying to support the brother in maximum security and those of us outside, in minimum security."

There will be rallies held at Morgan and the University of Maryland, Baltimore County Campus at 12 noon on Friday, October 16, 1970.

The kind of men
who think we're great
are the kind of men
who think dark shirts are as basic as white.

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JESUS SIGHTED OVER WHITE HOUSE

by Dan Burgess

I arrived about 1:20 P.M. a little late in the proceedings. First thing I saw was the Washington Monument, "Rev. Machine," and 12,000 fucking fuck freaks and/or badhatts. Machine was saying something about "We must stand firm against Godless Communism" and "We're all glad that the police are doin' such a good job takin' care of those hippies. Let's all support the great Washington Police Department." Far out.

Part of the time I hung around the platform where Machine was speaking. Once an old lady came up to me, grabbed my peace sign around my neck, and said, "You know what this means? It's the eyes of the devil!!!!" Again, far out.

I finally found a small group of freaks (5 or 6) sort of like a island of reason in a sea of madness. I went up to one and said something to the effect of "too bad there's not more of us. He looked at me strangely for a minute and then pointed behind us toward the Monument and said, "What're you talking about?" I looked. I couldn't believe it, 3 or 4 thousand freaks!!!!

Far Fucking Out!
Over on the edge of the crowd I saw some pigs start to move in. I ran up there. FAST. Two pigs were pulling

away two freaks. One of them was pulling one of the freaks with his nuptialack around his neck.
The pigs also had a fun game called "Pig" across the side of one of the paddy wagons.

At any rate, a good time was had by (nearly) all, and only 1 question remains on the minds of the people who attended.....When's the next one????

The high (7) point of the day, however, came when the pigs started to

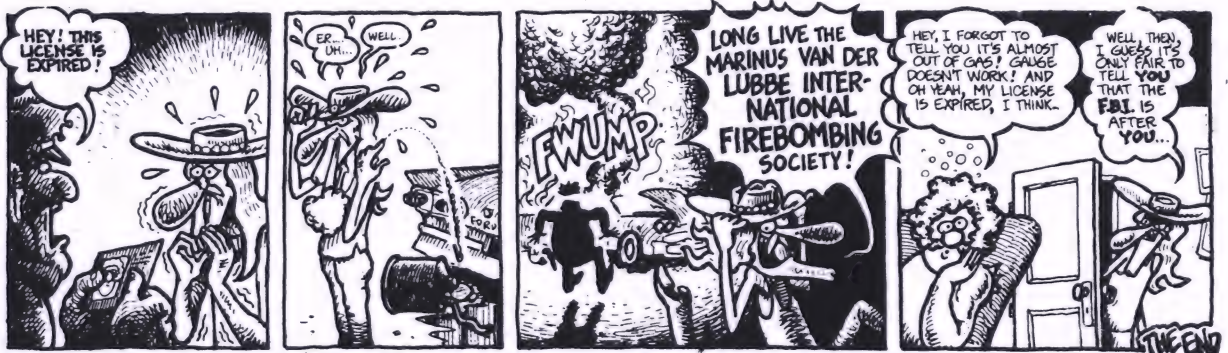


THOSE FABULOUS FREAKS

FREAK BROTHERS

"WHATEVER IS FUNNY IS SUBVERSIVE."
— GEORGE ORWELL

Gilbert Shelton



CULTVRE



JANIS JOPLIN

LITTLE GIRL BLUE

by Thomas D'Antoni

*There's got to be some kind
of answer,
And everywhere I look
there's none around.*

Janis Joplin is dead. Sit very quietly and say that to yourself.

What kind of flashes did you get when you heard she was dead?? Ball and Chains at Monterrey Pop? Telling the police to go fuck themselves at the Civic Center? Just laying back and grooving on *Cheap Thrills*, waiting for Sam Andrew to finish his lead in "Combination of the Two," so that she could take the chorus?

I had two quick flashes—the first was the eternal question: Holy shit, what the fuck is going on? The second was an interview conducted last year by some of our "brothers" at—I can't remember the name—well, an underground paper I think in the south. It was perhaps the cruelest interview I've ever read. They asked her some smart-ass, record reviewer questions. She fielded them OK. But then—God—they asked her if she kept her guitarist Sam Andrew around because he was a good ball. She ran out of the room, crying.

That wasn't Playboy or the New York Times or Newsweek doing the interview, it was us—from the "alternative culture."

Sometimes I have grave doubts about how "alternative" it really is. We seem to voraciously devour up every good musician in sight, using them as a substitute for something that is missing in our own lives, tapping and feeding on their energies until they are burned out because we are too lazy to create anything ourselves.

You might call it the "Rolling Stone Psychosis." Last winter I was talking to Ray Schultz of East Village Other, and he began what turned out to be a tirade during the conversation—about how papers like *Rolling Stone* were turning us into mass consumers—just the same as our "death culture straight, whiskey drinking, running dog, lackey fascist old fashioned parents." About how we depend on others to make our music for



TAKE ANOTHER LITTLE PIECE OF MY HEART

us, and worse: how we pay ridiculous prices for records and concerts and we never complain. He spoke also of the musicians divorcing themselves from their audiences and charging ridiculous prices to play music.

It might be well for us to think about those things, because I have the feeling that the newspaper that did that interview—and really all of us had a hand in killing Janis Joplin.

It's silly to place all of the blame on us for her death, if, indeed blame needs to be placed at all. As the Incredible String Band says, "You are the way you are the way you are you are..."

There are only so many times that kind of energy can be tapped before it runs out.

What did I do when I heard the news that she was dead? I went out and got dead, stinking drunk and then went home and played *Cheap Thrills* crying all the way through it. I didn't know her. Of course I didn't. But high energy musicians are teachers: are signposts: are lighting rods; are homes for the homeless and eyes for the blind—if they're not abused.

*I guess I'm just a turtle
Hiding underneath his hard ass shell.
But you know I'm very well
protected, baby,
I know this goddamned life too well.*

She was a woman. A woman. Shit, one Janis Joplin is worth a thousand million Betty Friedmans! Four thousand million.

*I keep movin' on
But I never find out why.*

You know, you didn't even have to play her records to hear her music. There were times when I was looking through my records—looking for something to play—and I'd run across *Cheap Thrills* and I wouldn't even have to play it. Just knowing that music was enough. Enough energy to last—well, forever I thought.

*Didn't I give you everything
That a woman possibly could give?*

So the King and the Queen are dead within the month.

*Can't be now,
Can't be now,
Can't be now,
Can't be now,
Can't be now,
Can't be now,
Loneliness,
Baby, surrounding me:
Oh no, no it just can't be.*



by Kathleen Liedtke-Lee

THE CULTIVATOR'S HANDBOOK OF MARIJUANA

Augar Publishing Co., rm. 202, 115 E. 11th St., Eugene, Oregon.

Most "How to Grow Marijuana" books are fascinating because of their subject but read one and you've read them all, as the decrepid cliché goes. It seems to be the thing to write a book on marijuana now. Included in the typicabook are such goodies as soil requirements, life-cycles, outdoor and indoor growing, curing and drying; along with some pictures of full grown plants being inspected by uniformed nars who evidently get their kicks that way. Very rarely will you find anything else, except for interesting anecdotes of plants growing in heavily populated downtown areas for three months without ever being discovered and watching out for nars/farmers/heads/etc., when going out to harvest that little garden you have tucked away out in the boondocks/hills/desert/Everglades/scrub/farmlands whatever...

Of course, who really needs anything else...but the Cultivator's Handbook of Marijuana is really that something else. Unless you are a graduate biology student with your primary interest being to make the best grass (not enough of it going around unfortunately) then you trust to luck to get your super grass. Finally, though, there is a book that gives you something else besides luck to work with.

The handbook even looks different on first glance from other MJ books. It looks, feels and reads as though the author and illustrator researched, experimented and did a hell of a lot of smoking until they felt that they had something to give the world up and beyond any MJ book out on the market today. Using U.S. Department of Agriculture booklets on the proper drug dryer, experimenting with soil temperatures and various chemicals to get the most potent grass and winding up with the *unrecognizable* hybrid and

sizable bibliography for further research the author Bill Drake and illustrator Terry Rutledge managed to make a masterpiece in one small book.

The copy and illustrations cover, literally, every aspect of the life-cycle from how to plant the seed (pointed end up) to sexual differences and



deformities, soil, water, and light requirements (and what happens if the plant doesn't get what it needs) and is particularly helpful in Colchicine dipping for seedlings (to get extremely potent super grass) and in various kinds of grafting to make an unrecognizable hybrid.

The book also pays tribute to H.E. Warmke, who in WW II was under U.S. Government contract to produce a hemp plant that would tie up ships without turning on the troops. H.E. kept reporting failure. He was trying to lessen the potency of the stuff but instead he kept increasing it. In 1943 he disappeared but he should become a folk hero for his work. His methods are fully explained and illustrated...naturally!

It is not known if any of the bookstores in the Baltimore area carry this book. However one can order it directly from Oregon. It is certainly worth it.



STAGE FRIGHT

The Band STAGEFRIGHT
Capitol SW-425

Listening to the Band is something like stepping into the world of deep shadows and gathered stillness of the poster-photograph that enfolds the jacket of their third record, "Stage Fright." The Band's world is a rural, country one where one faces the stark forces of nature and existence alone. Many of the songs on "Stage Fright" are about lost love, isolation, overwhelming pride and self-destroying fear. There are several cuts with words that match the happiness of the music. Unfortunately, these are the tritest, shallowest songs on the album.

The Band's music is, as usual, precisely conceived and exactly performed. This record is a professional, craftsman-like job. But following the craft too closely sometimes results in songs that have only style and no content. Two of the cuts—"The Shape I'm In" and "Strawberry Wine" sound almost as if they were composed by a computer programed with the Band's musical style.

The other eight of the ten songs on the record are well worth listening to repeatedly. "Daniel and the Sacred Heart" has a distinctly Biblical quality—much like "The Weight." "Just Another Whistle Stop" is just good music—the closest to rock on the record. The words of many of the best songs, are enigmatic symbols that are filled with a different meaning for each listener.

The title cut is about a singer ("who suffered so much for what he did") afflicted with stagefright; or it is about facing others and their intense scrutiny. But the singer can function in spite of his dreads of discovery: "You can make it in your disguise/just don't show the fear that's in your eyes."

While the man with stage fright seeks solace in alcohol, the dreamlike message of "Sleeping" is escape into blissful unconsciousness. In healing sleeping "we could escape all this hate," the Band sings. Indeed, why wake up at all? by Marcel Proust

CAROL KING

Writer: Carol King
Ode SP-77006

Long ago, in a land of make believe, there lived a group of people who were called "teenagers." No one knew exactly what they were, or who they were, but it didn't really matter. Nothing is real, and nothing to get hung about. Carol King and her friend Gerry Goffin wrote nice songs then, unreal songs for the unreal people, not a bad combination at that. They didn't know who or what teenagers were either. Neither did Bob Dylan, he said so. They wrote songs like "Up On The Roof," "When My Little Girl Is Smiling," the Chiffons classic "One Fine Day" and kept it happenin' baby. Later on, when things got a little heavier, and people were no longer posing the question: What is a teenager, but instead, "What the fuck?", then Carol King was writing "Goin' Back" and "Wasn't Born To Follow" for the Byrds.

And now here she is, ten years and six billion singles later, letting us know at last that there really is a Carol King. Her voice and style give away her beginnings in that sea of banality called Rock n' Roll "Vocal Group" period, but unlike so many of those early vocalists, Carole King doesn't go overboard. Instead, she sings well throughout the album, while dabbling in many styles, without becoming trapped by imitation.

The album is literally full of good material. Two older songs, "Up On The Roof" and "Goin' Back" appear on the record along with ten new Goffin-King originals. The first three cuts are probably the best, but there really isn't anything here not worth at least two or three listenings. Miss King has been around and the quality of her sidemen is constantly top notch.

The only problem one may encounter while listening to this album is a genuine lack of excitement, for while the music is strong, it sometimes feels as if everything is rhyming a little too easily. Every note is in the right place, but it does become a drag to know exactly what a musician is about to play before he plays it. Formulas make things easier, but have you ever dug listening to a slide rule?

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it'll make you flip out
leaving...



by Kathleen Ann Lee

Finally the ultimate has been found in a really friendly little Greek/Cowboy/Truckdriver/Merchant-seamen/Freak cafe nestled in amidst tugboats, decaying warehouses, brothels, quaint sidestreets, rednecks, trains and Fellspoint.

The Sip & Bite, a 24 hour cafe, facing the harbor and historic Boston street has really great food, a really friendly atmosphere, good service and good entertainment for cheap prices.

From the moment one walks in and gets settled in one of the little wooden

booths or on a stool at the counter one can feel the atmosphere, no hang-ups here about clothes or hair. Everyone in the restaurant from the Greek boys and women, the old men in the corner playing the Circus Queen pinball machine the cowboys dressed in their finest and sitting on their stools like they are saddles and getting off and on them like mounting and dismounting horses, to the women nervous and painted and gross in their corners and the seamen in various costumes and lengths of hair eying the women and the

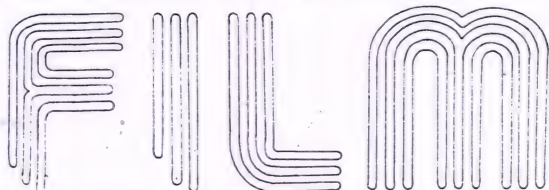
harbor at the same time—there is an exciting atmosphere here!

And the food. Everything is prepared by hand. The subs are especially good. About twenty different things put on each one for \$.60 and up. Big thick french fries that stay hot forever. The cokes are real old fashioned soda fountain types, rich and damn good. They alone are worth going over to drink. The Greek salad just tempts you and everyone that goes in goes out full and happy. Even the rice pudding is pure goodness. The cop on his beat looks happy and doesn't give freaks and longhairs dirty "we're going to get you" looks. Maybe it's that steak sub that makes him so happy. It certainly makes everyone else pretty jolly.

And it gets better as night comes. More and more Greeks come in and banter back and forth. The cowboys get together and the Wurlitzer "Americana" juke box starts spewing forth country rock. The ladies giggle and spruce up their bright red hair and cheeks and start patrolling the neighborhood. Old men start arguing about politics in the 30's, talk about other parts of the world is overheard and above it all tugboats toot and trains switch (depending on what time of day it is) and everyone stays on and on while waitresses run around serving food and people admire the first \$1, \$5, and \$20 bill that the

proud Greek owner ever made framed up on the wall next to the cash register and the huge hulk of ham that little kids like to come in and look at while running around the neighborhood. And so it goes on 24 hours a day 7 days a week let us hope forever.

The Sip & Bite is worth 4 9/10 big bottles of Greek Ouzo or, in English, 4 9/10 of the biggest Thunderbird bottles ever made.



PERFORMANCE - IT'S THE SINGER NOT THE SONG

starring James Fox and Mick Jagger with Anita Pallenberg and Michele Breton. Directed by Donald Cammell and Nicholas Roeg

by P.J. O'Rourke

The whole trick to movie reviews is pretending to know exactly what everything means. I never know what anything meant. I was always dumb at puzzles—much less symbolism. The suspension of my disbelief is so thorough that I get completely lost in the literal level of everything.

Performance is decadent, counter-revolutionary, commercialist, bourgeoisie, immoral, smutty, degenerate and generally a lot of fun. I hope it disgusts all good people of any stripe everywhere. It is not only sexist, reactionary, do-your-own-thingist, but also commie pervert dope fiend trash. I wanted to go live in it. I mean, I came out of the theater limp at the wrist and saying, "Winter in Mozambique? Mah deahr, Mozambique was last year's place." Not that I knew what it was about. M—, a seventeen-year-old high school drop-out, patiently explained to me that James Fox, as a brutal thug, and Mick Jagger, as Turner the retired Rock star, become each other so that when it's time for Fox to get killed, Jagger has to die too. The whole thing being an examination of unities and identity. I'd got a little idea of what was going on from a Jagger riff about the best performance is that which approaches madness. Being that a performance (identity) which becomes real is madness. Making most of us mad. Especially Fox, who is crazy as fuck until he gets sane in some drug-induced insanity with Jagger, becoming him and vice-versa; all is one, etc. Jagger lives with two women one of whom blond and lush (and fucked-up—hard dope, you know) and the other boyish, flat-chested, healthy. So that with Mick next and short-haired Fox at the other end there is a sexual continuum from maschio to femme fatale. True consciousness at the center and the whole world at both ends.

It occurs to me that I blew the ending for you. Well, that's something

they do only in the very very hip movie reviews. (Where all the readers are so base that the ending couldn't possibly surprise them.) So Jagger dies at the end. So what else can you do with Jagger at the end?

The effect is Yin/Yang. There's a black limousine in the opening shots and a white limousine at the end. I still don't know exactly what it's supposed to mean, so I'll just gild my ignorance here with a little cute intellectualization and say that *Performance* is thematically impenetrable but with the affirmative splendor of the universe itself. Alan Watts said that if a question remains persistently unanswerable, there's probably something wrong with the question. This is better than R.H. Gardner did in the "Sun." He thought *Performance* was a "spoof of contemporary moviemaking." He sounds like he emerged from the film with his latency a little bent. You have to read all the other reviewers. In case somebody actually did figure it out. I'd also like to know how they get all that copy. Gardner is very funny. He says, "Cammell's screenplay begins to sound as if it had been written by Harold Pinter on LSD." I can hardly make a better recommendation.

Performance is also a very funny movie—in that dry British manner I suspect they use only for films sold in America. Nicholas Roeg's camera work is brilliant and unusual in that it's a successful version of what most new cameramen are trying to do (go watch *Strawberry Statement*). There's lots of really nice music. Some tit and ass. A marginal glimpse of Mick's cock under the bath water. What is it you read movie reviews to find out, anyway? Buffy St. Marie plays on the score, which is mostly Jack Nietzsche's. *Performance* is about a very straight gangster who hides out accidentally at the house of a retired wierdo rock star. M— said she did not know what the moral of the story is. I think it's in a passage that Jagger reads from some book, the last words of Hassan ben Sabbah, Sheikh-al-Jabal (the Old Man of the Mountains): "There are no truths. Everything is permitted."

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WILDSWAN WELL WROUGHT

by Philbert Desenex

It says "Corner Theatre" on the storefront window, but when you go inside there aren't any seats or any stage in the room, just some platforms/shelves along the walls and some areas of the floor painted black. You learn that you're supposed to sit on (or under) the platform or on the black sections of the floor. It might be more comfortable if you bring a blanket or cushion.

This is the set-up for *hastseenthewhitewhale*, the first of a series of one-act plays by Gordon Porterfield. At the start of the play, the lights go out and the actors take positions around the room (finding their ways by means of phosphorescent paths on the floor). When the lights go on, we find an assortment of mythical, historical, biblical, and literary characters.

These characters, mainly in pairs, act out their separate stories largely independently of the characters in the other stories, and attention shifts from one to the other.

Captain Ahab (Richard Chevlin) shouts "hastseenthewhitewhale" maniacally. Adam and Eve (David Bryan and Chris Depkin) invent words and bicker about their recent banishment from the Garden of Eden and their new mortality; a boy and girl (Joe Harris and Susan Rohrer) touchingly try to cope with their unexplained abandonment; a farcical Orestes (Bob Higby) tells his mother Clytemnestra (Sandy McDonald) that he has to kill her, and he becomes frustrated when she treats him like a child; Hamlet (Tome Lloyd) polishes up his soliloquies; Lancelot (Carl Westman propositions Guenevere (Lin Dell); bitchy Lady MacBeth (Barbara Koepfel) complains about her spot; butch-cute Joan of Arc (Dolores Marsalek) goes around asking directions to Orleans; and the Angel Gabriel (Lou Rigler) tries to convince a disbelieving Mary (Margaret Mann) that he's really from heaven.

All this is a rather interesting device. The author can use only his wittiest lines for each sketchy situation (for which the audience already knows the story). It's kind of like laugh-in.

Gradually the characters meet one another and interact. They even go around and talk to members of the audience. You come to sympathize with them and their problems. During all this, at the end of the room, a shrouded figure sits at the end of—behind a machine gun.

The ending, though hardly original, is really—as advertised—a mindfuck.

After the intermission, the set is more conventional, and there are even chairs brought out. But by this time most of the audience are digging the floor and platform seating. *What Child Is This?*, the second play, is a simple example of Porterfield's penchant for smiping at organized

religion. A soldier (Richard Chevlin) is badly wounded in battle. The Christmas nativity scene develops around him, and the players tell him they can't be bothered with his problems—that they have more important things to attend to. It is complete with an incredibly crass Santa Claus (Tom Lloyd).

The third play is a very short scene between a mother and child at bedtime.

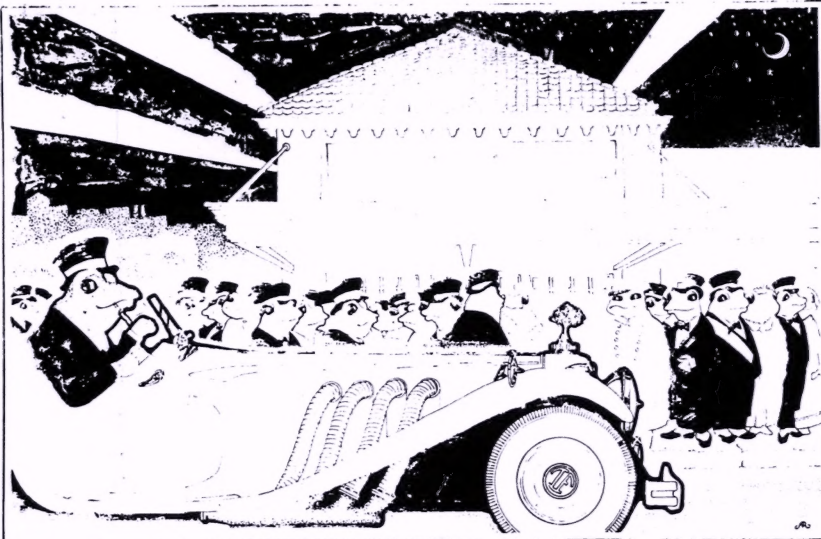
It is followed by a candlelight procession of the cast through the audience.

There was supposed to be a fourth play, *All The Pretty Little Horses*, but it contains nudity and simulated sex and the company chickened out in the face of probable arrest.



A scene from *What Child Is This?*, one of the plays comprising *Wildswan at Corner Theater*.

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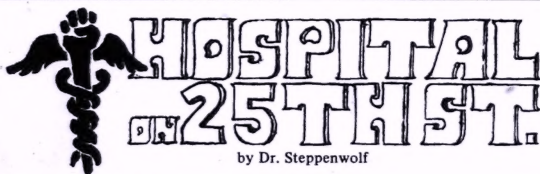


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ROSKO ON WBAL

WBAL-FM, 97.9, is now presenting progressive rock on a limited experimental basis. Rosko, star DJ on New York's WNEW-FM, is featured on a syndicated show from 11:05 PM to 1:05 AM, Monday thru Saturday, and 11:05 to Midnight on Sunday. Rosko was one of the pioneers of underground radio, and his reading of poetry between heavy rock songs has been imitated widely. The show is intended primarily for college stations. The WBAL version is identical, but with commercials. It is broadcast in stereo.

The show has been on since Oct. 5.



by Dr. Steppenwolf

Q. What can I do if someone in my house has a drug overdose?

A. An untrained person can do very little except recognize the signs of danger and get the person to a hospital as fast as possible. In general, any unconscious patient should be taken to a hospital, especially if he's ODed on something that can be rapidly fatal such as speed, smack, or downers. Speed can cause convulsions, and a very, very fast heartbeat and pulse. With downers and smack, the big danger signal is the breathing rate. Normal people breathe at least ten times a minute, and anyone breathing less, especially as low as 3 or 4 times a minute is in real trouble. Don't fuck around, get them to a hospital fast, and worry about pigs later. In most big hospitals like Hopkins or University, you won't have to worry about pigs, and they have had more experience treating ODs than the smaller ones. An OD from cocaine should be taken quickly to the nearest hospital since the death can be very fast. If you have any questions about a specific person call the PEOPLE'S FREE MEDICAL CLINIC or HARRY. One thing that you should NOT do is to try to force water or fluid down the throat of an unconscious or stuporous person. It may go down the wrong way and into the lungs and cause pneumonia or death. Also, don't forget that even acid may contain something fatal like strychnine so don't ignore an OD just because someone's taken "only acid".

Q. How can I get venereal disease?

A. Read HARRY vol. 1 no. 18, July 17, 1970. That won't give you venereal disease but it contains all the information you need know about it. Copies can be obtained at HARRY for 25 cents cheap...or by mail. Briefly, Gonorrhea can only be caught by genital to genital contact or occasionally genital-rectal contact. You cannot get it by kissing, or from objects such as toilet seats. Syphilis can be spread by contact with any part of the body where there is an infected rash, ulcer, pimple, etc. including the mouth, skin, rectum, and genitals.

Q. How do you get hepatitis? Can you get it from living in the same house with someone?

A. There are two kinds of hepatitis, serum and infectious, caused by 2 different viruses, and BOTH are spread by contact with the shit of someone with the disease and needles. If someone has infectious hepatitis, the other members of the house can all get it and should receive gamma globulin to protect against it. The person with it should be very careful about hygiene. Most people don't eat shit but the way the disease is transmitted is by the infected person not washing his hands carefully after going to the bathroom. The virus is then on the hands and spread to food eaten by another person or by touch to the other person's mouth. This process of spread occurs

whether the infected person got it this way or by shooting drugs. Serum hepatitis is a much worse disease with a fair number of deaths. This is almost always transmitted by needles. If you shoot, use only your stick. Never use someone else's needle and never let them use yours. Heating does not kill the virus, and will not prevent this disease. If your needle gets rusty, get another. Infectious hepatitis can be more common among people in close communal living and the best way to try to prevent it is by thorough hand washing after going to the bathroom.

Q. Can little children safely be given dope?

A. No. Many medical drugs that are OK for adults are harmful to children and

dope may be in this category. An interesting sidelight to this question is an article in HARRY a few months ago reporting that thousands of little kids in Omaha and other cities were being put on speed by doctors and teachers for "poor learning". The Food and Drug Administration has just condemned the use of two of these drugs, Aventyl and Tofranil, as highly dangerous for children. They wrote a letter to Dr. Byron Oberst in Omaha, founder of the kids on dope program, telling him to stop, and saying that his use of these drugs in children was experimental. We said that three months ago!

If you have any medical questions you want answered, write to this column c/o HARRY and we'll do our best.

ELUTHERA — an Island named Freedom



- DECEMBER 24th THRU 28th
(Island available for festival participants Dec. 18th thru 28th.)
- TICKETS—\$55. Includes round trip transportation (normally \$42) plus U.S. tax (\$3) and Bahamian tax (\$2).
- For ten days this Christmas the island of Eluthera will host a Festival of Freedom. The days will be filled with continuous rock music, surfing 200 yards from the band stand, and temperatures that average 85°. There will also be a carnival midway with rides, cotton candy, native goods, wines, beer and the "world's finest pineapple rum".
- From 6 p.m. 'til 6 a.m. there will be major rock concerts and for those who want to sleep, camping and health facilities — nighttime temperatures average 75°—just grab a few feet of sand and curl up.
- Ticket price includes round trip air fare from Miami and reduced cost charter flights will soon be available from most major cities.

for tickets and information write:



IWTF
GREGORY TOWN
ELUTHERA, BAHAMAS

(please use at least 16¢ postage)

- ☐ please send me _____ tickets @ \$55 each (check or money order only)
- ☐ please send me more information concerning the Festival of Freedom
- ☐ please send me _____ island guides and program books @ \$1 each

name _____

address _____

city _____

state _____

TICKETS LIMITED—ADVANCE SALE ONLY

HOWDY DUTY
is a band

Bill Short 922-8351

HOWDY DUTY



For sale: stereo-phone w/AM-FM 2 speakers. \$100. Ricky-486-3280.

For Sale: 4 Ft. tall Philco radio in working condition. Needs new cord and plug. Will consider any price offers. Call Harry's Aunt. Ask for Phylinius

RICHARD—Please come back. We need you—Andarine.

Free female tabby cat—484-4317.

Free spaced-out kittens to good home. Will deliver. Nancy—355-7309.

One affectionate female, young. German Shepard. free to right people (whatever that means). Call Christine or Karen 235-2367.

Dee please call Mack BE-5-7104.

Weasel—I'm sorry the last note was unscreened before you really got a chance to get into it. Take heed. The last note spoke of love & truth. If you feel the same in any way, call me. A simple nobody.

Anybody who can play congo drums and has a pair of congo drums, anybody who can play the flute & has a flute and anybody who can play the mandolin and has one and is interested in forming an experimental jazz band please call Sir William from 9-10 Mon.—Fri. 728-0744.

Andrea, call me. I've got your money for the bicycle. ... May the sun forever shine on your path... Love, Jimi.

The Midtown Churches Community Association is sponsoring its annual toy store again this year and is in need of toys in good condition. If you have any toys. Please call the Seventh Baptist Church at 837-3797 or Mrs. Holder at 666-1392 for further information.

For sale: Ladies old-fashioned real Mouton (Sheepskin) fur coat. Midi. No tears and clean. 669-0027

For sale: Men's Wellington Boots, all leather, excellent condition, size 7 1/2. 699-0027.

Anyone interest in getting to gether and playing chess call Carl at 889-0151 or Art at 752-5636. Schedule undetermined.

Free kittens 6 wks. old, grey/white, black/white. Call 467-0636.

Guitar lessons—blues, folk, rock—all styles. Funk to approaching Jazz. Call 685-9091 or 752-5014.

Cartridge, ADC speakers. To a good home only. Leave message at 727-3888.

4-pc. set of Whitehall drums. Med.—Exc. cond. Bass needs new rear head. Red sparkle. set has hi-hat and 20" ride cymbal. Paid \$310 new—\$225 or best offer. 377-6383 ask for Jim any day from 6:00 to 10:30 pm.

Flute man seeks rock-jazz group. Tom—484-0553.

Vibes Greasely needs a flute player and a trumpet player who can read music and are into experimental jazz in a Zappa style. 744-1008 or 686-6427.

For sale: Sankyo super 5 CM movie camera—(8mm.) 5 time zoom auto/man. lite meter. Used twice. Cost \$135, sell \$75.668-7273.

Young, attractive, kind, 20 yrs. understanding female would like to hear from her male counter-part. "Semi-hip." HARRY Box 27.

Wanted: Freak to drive kid to school who can't get on private bus because of hair. Will get paid \$10.00 a month. Home near Gynn Oak Junction. Please hurry!!! Call 542-1143 after 2 p.m., ask for Curtis for further details.

Drum lessons reasonable rates. Call Larry Morgan 435-8936

HARRY's drowning!! Our bathroom water won't turn off. We can't pay but we need a plumber. We also need an ambitious lawyer who knows how to swim and who likes to work for free.

Topcon Super, with 100mm F2.8 Auto—Topcon lens. Camera is black and in perfect condition. Retail price is over \$425. Firm \$200.00. Gordon 243-2150.

Stereo for sale, preferably as a whole. Dynaco Amp & Pre-Amp & Stereo Receiver. 70 watts continuous power and 100 watts maximum. A.R. turntable, Shure Supertrack cartridge, ADC speakers. to a good home only. Leave message at 727-3888.

Male C.C.B. student wants room and room-mate. Please no gay replies. 647 2071—Ron.

Leitz 90mm F2.8 lens for M series Leicas. Like-new. \$100.00, Gordon 243-2150.

SEXUAL FREEDOM monthly publication of the Sexual Freedom League. Subscription \$3 for 10 issues—\$1 for 3 issues. SFL, Box 14034-H, San Francisco, Calif., 94114

Guitarist needs musicians. Drummer, vocals, keyboards, Bass Drums. Call 539-7241.

We can do all kinds of art work at reasonable prices. All work done at home. Experienced in layout, illustration, paste-up, posters, display, photography. Call 1-374-2133. Ask for Pat or Eli.

Student wants cheap place to live. Call 243-0557

Gregory Leverage. Come home.

Sam: I want to tell the whole world that I love you and why I love you. I love you because you are beautiful, truthful and you really care. Luv Sir William

A Corner Theatre Mind-Fuck—Gordon Porterfield's "Wild Swan." Thru October

Next sensitivity class at Corner Theatre begins Tues. Oct. 27. Call 728-4707 or Dick Flax at 825-2700.

Students—\$1 every Thurs. at Corner Theatre

Drummer looking for organist to start two man band like Lee Michaels. Call John 243-1944

Become ordained to minister in the Life Science Church. Call Fred at 837-9637.

Gay guy looking for companionship preferably under 21. Box 747.

The Student Coalition Information Center needs office supplies and equipment, also (live) bodies. 23rd and Greenmount (S.E. corner), 243-5012.

Housekeeper wanted for four med students. Clean and cook for priv. room/board and salary. Call 837-9637. Big house neat people, good food.

Job needed by young freak. Any and all work considered for full time preferably. Call 669-7955 and ask for Jay.

Andarine, I love you very much. Miss you terribly. Please come back, all is forgiven. Richard K. DeBeers

Singer wanted for established group. Must be able to sing Who, Grand Funk and James Gang. 789-2446

We must all hang together or assuredly we shall all hang separately. The Trumpet, a quiet political journal. One year—\$1. P.O. Box 232, Goleta, California. 93017

For sale: one good motor-cycle helmet. Paintable. With face shield. Ten dollars. Call 366-2281

Easy Riders wanted. I am driving to San Francisco about Nov. 1. Anyone interested in traveling across the country and sharing expenses call Jerry—655-7491.

Whoever got a photograph of the freak with a star on his face call me at 467-7207.

Wanted: dresser, cheap. 661-3979.

Wanted — Ticket vending machings. Corner Theatre, 728-4707

Roommate needed for large apartment. Cheap rent. Call 889-7753

Halloween Treats

Give a Palmer owl to your best buddy or biddy for Halloween or how about a furry cape? We've got \$.75 dresses, old hats, cloth coats, wide ties to bewitch the ghoulish gang. All kinds of unique art, crafts, antiques & conversation available at:



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**A
FABRIC PLACE
TOO**

2412 Pickwick Rd.
Dickeyville 448-0113

Corner Theatre—Baltimore's only experimental theatre is now open at it's new location
891 N. Howard St.
728-4707

Thru Oct.—Thur, Fri, Sat.
GORDON PORTERFIELD'S
Wildswan (3-one act plays)
(an absolute Mind-fuck)

Sun. Oct. 18—Laurel & Hardy—WAY OUT WEST &
CAROSEL (1937)

Sun. Oct. 25—BLOOD AND SAND—
Rudolph Valentino (1921)

Next Sensitivity Class Begins Oct. 27
Call Dick Flak at 825-2700 for info.



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NOTHING EVER HAPPENS IN BALTIMORE

The most together listing of events in town.
If it isn't here, you probably wouldn't like it anyway.

Friday, Oct. 16

MUSIC

Michael Cooney at The Main Point
"Crunk" Bluesette, 8 p.m.
"Alley Blues Band" Blues Back Alley, 2-5 A.M. (Sat. morn.)
Folk music, UMBC, 8-12:30 p.m.
Michael Hunt returns to Coffeegrounds

DRAMA

"Wildswan", a quartet of plays on Gordon Porterfield, Corner Theatre, Curtain 9:00 p.m.
"Exit the King" by Ionesco Community College of Baltimore, 8 p.m.
"Much Ado about Nothing," National Shakespeare Company, Stevens Auditorium 8:30 p.m. Adm. \$3.00 Towson State College.

"Unknown Soldier and His Wife" by Peter Ustinov, Fine Arts Theatre UMBC 8 pm FREE

"Fantastics" Spotlighter Theatre, 8:30 p.m.

LECTURE

Swami Pranaranan on "East Meets West in Cosmic Consciousness" AUM Building 504 Cathedral St.

FILM

"Personna" UMBC Chem Bldg., 4 pm
"Civilisation" (part 3) narrated by Sir Kenneth Clarke, Enoch Pratt Free Library, 8 pm

Zip-Zag day at Towson State College in the p.m. Rock Music, fun and games, 1 pm FREE

Saturday, Oct. 17

MUSIC

Barbara Maris, pianist, Peabody Conservatory 12 noon FREE
"Matrix" Blues Back Alley 2-5 a.m. (Sun. morn.)

"Aaron's Rod" People's Place 7:30 pm \$1
Music of the Baroque Harpsicord, 8:30 pm Goucher College Center Lecture Hall

Returning Home: Cabbage and David Cooper Band, Coffee House, Levering Hall, JHC 8-12 pm, \$1. Benefit Tutoring Program.

Michael Cooney at the Main Point.

"Cathoum" Bluesette 8 p.m.

DRAMA

"Fantastics" Spotlighters Theatre 8:30 p.m.

"Wildswan" Corner Theatre, Curtain 9 pm

"Exit the King" by Ionesco, CCB 8 pm

"Unknown Soldier and His Wife" Fine Arts Theatre UMBC 8 pm FREE

"Civilisation" (part 3) narrated by Sir Kenneth Clarke, Enoch Pratt Free Library, 2 pm

MISC

Mixed Media Light Show by Cabaret Theatre '71, Roland Park Country School 8 PM. Reservations needed.

Sunday, Oct. 18

MUSIC

Benefit for Health Food Restaurant, Music by Grinn, Aux, Organgrinds, Howdy Duty, Flying Circus, Echo, Crank, Rasputin, Bums Honor and others, 2 pm-midnight 52 Corpus Christi Hall 1410 W. Mt. Royal Ave.

Michael Cooney at The Main Point
"Chicago" and "Sils and Croft," Balt. Civic Center, 7 pm

"Dizzy Gillespie" Famous Ballroom 5 pm
Janacek String Quartet JHU Shriver Hall, 8:30 pm

FILMS

Series from Md. Ballet Co., "Night Journey" and "Stars of the Russian Ballet" Loyola College 4 & 7 pm
Laurel & Hardy-Way Out West & Carosal (1937) Corner Theatre

NATURE

Hike Along the Patuxent River: Leave 10am, Call Tom Herbert 243-7342

Trail clearing hike. Call Mary Eberhardt, 472-2420

LECTURE

"Discriminating Against Women in Higher Education," Dr. Bernice Sandler, 11 am, Levering Hall, JHU

Monday, Oct. 19

LECTURE

John Howard Griffin, Chem-Physics Aud., UMBC \$1 for outsiders 8 pm

Tuesday, Oct. 20

MUSIC

Jullianne String Quartet celebrate the 200th anniversary of Beethoven, Le Clerc Hall, College of Notre Dame, 8 pm. Tickets 435-0100

FILM

Tuesday night Series "Black Like Me" Barn Theatre

DRAMA

"Look Back in Anger" Studio Theatre in Stevens Hall at Towson State College, Curtain 8:30 pm

Wednesday, Oct. 21

MUSIC

Balt. Symphony Orchestra, Lyric, 8:30 pm

Sen. Mark Hatfield, Essex Comm. College 8 pm Lecture Hall.
"Look Back in Anger" Stevens Hall, Towson State 8:30

LECTURE

"Beyond Civil Rights to Human Rights" FREE, 8:30 PM Goucher

Thursday, Oct. 22

MUSIC

Livingston Taylor, Plus Judy Mayhan at the Main Point

Stoddard Lincoln, Prof. Music Brooklyn College City Univ. of NY, Harpsicord and Musicologist, Will perform on Mozart piano, Peabody Center Hall, FREE

DRAMA

"Sound of Music" 8:30 pm Hollyday Room, Village of Cross Keys, for info: 323-1000 ext. 207

"Wildswan" Corner Theatre, Curtain 9:00 pm
"Look Back in Anger" Stephens Hall, Towson State 8:30 pm

LECTURE

Ireland, Md. Academy of Science, Lyric, 8:30, admission

The Theosophical Society in Maryland which has for its objects the forming of a nucleus of the Universal Brotherhood of Humanity. Miss Joy Mills, National Pres. will speak, 8 pm FREE 523 N. Charles

DANCING

Folk Dancing at Great Hall, Levering, JHU, Instructions 8-9:30 pm, Dancing 8-11 pm, \$5/50/person/night every Thurs. night

Friday, Oct. 23

MUSIC

"Procreation" Bluesette 8 pm
"Alley Blues Band" Blues Back Alley 2-5 AM (Sat. morn.)

Livingston Taylor plus Judy Mayhan at the Main Point

DRAMA

"Wildswan" Corner Theatre, Curtain 9 pm
"Fantastics" Spotlighters Theatre 8:30 pm

PREMIER "A Cry of Players" by William Gibson, Center Stage

"Look Back in Anger" Stephens Hall, Towson State 8:30 pm

"Winnie the Pooh" for children 5-11 years, Little Theatre, College of Notre Dame, 3:30 pm. For ticket info 435-0100 ext. 74

FILMS

Enoch Pratt Free Library, "Civilisation" narrated by Sir Kenneth Clarke 8 pm

Sen. Mark Hatfield, Essex Comm. College 8 pm Lecture Hall.
"Look Back in Anger" Stephens Hall, Towson State 8:30

NATURE

Exploring trip, Laurel Fonk-Similes of W. Va. Call Herbert 243-7342 thru Oct. 25th.

Saturday, Oct. 24

MUSIC

"Quinn" Bluesette 8 pm
"Matrix" Blues Back Alley, 2-5 a.m. (Sun. Morn.)

Livingston Taylor plus Judy Mayhan at the Main Point

Balt. Sym at Lyric 8:30 pm

"Exit" Joppatown Teen Center, 8-11 pm

DRAMA

"Wildswan" Corner Theatre 9 pm
"Look Back in Anger" Stephens Hall, Towson State 8:30

"Winnie the Pooh" for children 5-11, Little Theatre, College of Notre Dame, 1:30-3:30, For ticket info 435-0100 Ext. 74

"Fantastics" Spotlighters Theatre 8:30 pm

FILMS

Vintage movies in good condition, Laurel & Hardy, W.C. Fields, Cathedral Room, Peabody Bookshop, 1 pm and 3 pm

"Civilisation" (part 4) narrated by Sir Kenneth Clarke, Enoch Pratt Free Library, 2 pm

MISC

Intellectual Country Fair, Goucher's twelfth annual day of lectures and demonstrations by faculty members (Open to men, women and students of high school age and beyond) 9:30 am thru 4:30 pm

Atlantic Coast Gem & Mineral Exhibition, Pikesville Armory.

Scout-O-Sphere, huge scout exhibition at Timonium Fair grounds

Joyce Grenfell, (British Comedienne) comic songs and routines, 8:30 pm Shriver Hall Aud., JHU, Call 366-3500 ext. 1372, 1373 for info.

Sunday, Oct. 25

MUSIC

Benefit concert for Left Bank Jazz Society, Proceeds will go to "Project Survival," a group affiliated with the Community Action Agency, "Woody Herman and "Head" to play, Famous Ballroom, 8 pm

Jam Session, all Musicians invited, Bluesette 8 p.m.

Goucher-Hopkins Symphony, Goucher Glee Club Joseph Eubanks, Bass-baritone, Krausner Aud. 8:30 pm FREE

Livingston Taylor plus Judy Mayhan at the Main Point

FILMS

Blood & Sand, Rudolph Valentini, Corner Theatre

DRAMA

"Alice in Wonderland" Pickwick Players, The Theatre of Community College of Baltimore, 2:30 & 4 pm, Adm. info-462-5800 ext. 280

"Winnie the Pooh" for children 5-11, Little Theatre, College of Notre Dame, 1:30, 3:30

LECTURE

"Astrology for new age minds" by Dane Rudnyan, Donation \$2.50, Homewood Friends Meeting House.

MISC

Atlantic Coast Gem and Mineral Exhibition, Pikesville Armory
Scout-O-Sphere, huge Scouting exhibition, Timonium Fair Grounds

Monday, Oct. 26

DRAMA

"A Whimsical Portrait," A four character play which is an adaptation from the poets writings, Noon, FREE

FILMS

"Civilisation: The Hero as Artist" (Part 5) Pratt Library's Hollins-Payton Branch, 7 pm

"Civilisation: The Great Thaw" (Part 2) Pratt Library's Walbrook Branch 7 pm

Tuesday, Oct. 27

DRAMA

"Look Back in Anger," Stephens Hall, Towson State, 8:30

FILMS

Tuesday Night Series "If There Weren't Any Blacks, You'd Have to Invent Them," Barn Theatre

"Civilisation: The Hero as Artist" (Part 5) main Pratt Library, Wheeler Aud., 2 pm

LECTURE

Robert C. Emby, Comm. of Dept. Housing and Comm. Development, FREE, Chem-Physics Aud., UMBC

Sensitivity Class begins at Corner Theater, Call Dick Flax at 825-2700 for info.

Wednesday, Oct. 28

DRAMA

A Cry of Players, Center Theater, 2 pm
Matinee and 8:30 pm
Look Back in Anger, Stephens Hall, Towson State, 8:30

LECTURE

"What Women Need to Know: What are the election issues?" Pratt Library's Herring Run Branch 10 am

Richard F. French, Energy of Music, Peabody Concert Hall, 12 pm

FILM

"Civilisation: Protest and Communication" (Part 4) Pratt Library's Hollins-Payton Branch, 7 pm

LECTURE

"Youth in the City" by Wallace Hamilton, Director, Institutional Development, The Rouse Company, Main Pratt Library, 2nd floor, Poe Room 12:30 pm

Thursday, Oct. 29

MUSIC

Jaime Brockett at the Main Point
DRAMA

"Wildswan" Corner Theatre 9 pm
Look Back in Anger, Stephens Hall, Towson State, 8:30 pm

Sounds of Music, Hollyday Room, Village of Cross Keys, for info, 323-1000 ext. 207

"Faust" at Lyric, 8:15 pm, Baltimore Civic Opera

"All My Sons" Arther Miller, Essex Comm. College, 8 pm FREE

FILM

"The General" Pratt Library's Brooklyn Branch 4 pm

"Civilisation: Romance and Reality" (part 3) Pratt Library's Northwood Branch 8 pm

"Civilisation: Man-the measure of all things" (Part 4) Pratt Library's Reisterstown Rd. Branch 8 pm

Continued on page eleven

AND THERE'S NO PLACE TO GO

Balt. Actors Theatre, Hollyday Room-Village of Cross Keys. More info., call Mrs. Diechinger-323-1000 ext. 207

Balt. Theater Ensemble, Five West Theater, North Ave. and Charles St. \$3. Stud. \$1.50. 828-0020

Balt. Civic Center, 201 W. Baltimore St. 837-0900

Blues Back Alley, 2439 N. Charles St. Min. age 18. \$2. 467-4404

Bluesette, 2439 N. Charles St. Fri. & Sat. \$2. Sun. \$1. 8 pm 467-4404

Coffeegrounds, Roland Ave. & Oakdale Rd.

Community College of Baltimore, 2901 Liberty Lights Ave. 323-2151

Corner Theatre, 853 N. Howard St., 728-4707

Center Stage, 11 E. North Ave. 685-5020
Crossroads, Lock River Blvd. & Woodbourne Ave.

Enoch Pratt Free Library, 400 Cathedral St. 838-9100

Famous Ballroom, 1717 N. Charles St. 727-8620

Fells Pt. Art Gallery, 811 S. Broadway. 675-6273

Goucher College, Dulany Valley Rd. 825-3300

Joha Hopkins Univ. Charles & 34th. 366-3300

Loyola College, Charles & Coldspring Lane 435-2500

Lyric Theatre, 128 W. Mt. Royal Ave. 685-5086

Main Point, 874 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa. 525-3375

Maryland Institute, 1300 Mt. Royal. 669-9200

Maryland Ballet Co., 10429 Reisterstown Rd., Owings Mills 21117

Morgan State College, Hillen Rd. & Coldspring Lane. 323-2270

No Fish Today, 610 N. Eustaw St. 669-4340

Peabody Conservatory of Music, 1 E. Mt. Vernon Place. 837-0600

People's Place, Fleet St. & East Ave. (Alley-Bank & Highland) 7:30 pm \$1

Spotlighters, 817 St. Paul St. 752-1225

Stoney Run Friend's Meeting House, 5115 N. Charles St. 433-8212

